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Editorial.

THE NATURE OF THE RESURRECTION BODY.

From the time God announced the startling doctrine, that there is to be a resurrection of the dead, men have been busy speculating on the nature of the resurrection body. We can easily gather from Paul's great argument, in the fifteenth chapter of his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, that the first tendency of Christians was to be too literal in their interpretation of the doctrine. They imagined that the material body with its essence and accidents unchanged would rise to heaven and be partakers of its glory. Such an extreme view gave rise, as is usually the case, to a party in the Christian Church, probably of Sadducean origin, who denied altogether a doctrine so grossly misrepresented. This brought Paul (1 Cor. xv.) upon the field of discussion, to explain, establish and defend the true doctrine as revealed to him by God.

If the tendency in the early days of Christianity was to the extreme of *literalness* in reading the promises, we in our day are not without danger of falling into the other extreme of undue *freedom*. In a recent number of an evangelical and very popular Magazine there is a very interesting article on "The Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body," which glides into error from the desire, we suppose, to make the doctrine look more reasonable to cultivated minds. Here is what the writer,

the Hon. and Revd. Canon Lyttelton, says, given in his own words:—*

"In this whole personality of man, with its multiplicity of mysterious vital power, forces, attributes, there is, you should notice, one that is specially connected with the body, and which forms, I think we may say, in a special sense, the mediating power between soul and body, that is, the wonder-working, formative, or building power, by means of which it is given to the soul to lay hold of and appropriate surrounding matter, and which is continuously engaged during life in fashioning its atoms into a living body, or rather into a succession of living bodies. This power, or vital force, stands to our bodies in just the same relation in which the seed, or the seminal force in the seed, does to the plant; it is its originating and controlling force, its law, the pervading, and subordinatedly creative power of its life.

Now, if such a "building-force," attached to the soul during its life in this world, was always, by the law of its nature, appropriating matter and therewith building for itself out of the materials of this world a fitting body, then, when the soul is transferred to another world or sphere of existence, carrying with it thither this "formative force," that force will, from its very nature, continue, in that world too, doing its proper work. *There*, too, it will appropriate and mould into charac-

* *Sunday Magazine.*

teristic forms the new material, whatever it may be, which may be placed within its reach. And so it will build itself a new body—or possibly, if such body in any way wastes away there, as ours do on earth—a succession of new bodies.

If the materials thus given to it are what St. Paul calls "spiritual," "celestial," "incorruptible," "immortal," then the body it will form out of them will have these qualities also. So will it be "a glorious body" fitted to the glorious world in which it is to live."

The meaning of this is, that just as the soul, while on earth, forms out of the materials here a body for itself to dwell in, so when at death it passes to heaven it will, from the material it finds there, fashion for itself a body suited for that higher sphere. This is a view advanced by Dr. Lange, and supported by him with a fascinating mixture of logic and fancy. Nothing could be said about it but that it is simple, beautiful, and plausible, were it not the Bible asserts a doctrine the very contrary.

The question to be settled here is this one,—Do the Scriptures teach that the body which is laid in the grave rises again? The Bible is a plain book, written for plain men, and has been understood in its plain sense by the Christian Church in all ages to teach that in some sense or other, (what that sense is we may not be able to answer) the resurrection body is the same body that was laid in the grave. It was the same body that was laid in the tomb of Joseph, that came forth as the risen Saviour to be the first fruit from the dead and a type of the general resurrection. At the same time the graves were opened and the bodies of the saints that slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection. The whole discourse of Paul (1 Cor. xv.), after granting some points that only encumbered his argument, turns on the body which dies, which is buried, and which will rise again. It is all about the body and its relation to a future life. And to show

how deeply the thought of a literal resurrection lay embodied in his mind he says, in a passing way, writing to the Romans (viii.) "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." And in another letter he says that it is "our vile body" or our "humiliated body" which is to be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. From these things it is clear that the Bible means what it says when it tells us that the same body which is sown in the grave is the very one that rises again in a new dress.

But if we are asked the question in what does this sameness consist? we may not be able to answer this. This sameness does not depend upon all the matter of the old body being in the new one, nor on the new body being in all respects like the old body, no more than the sameness of the grain of wheat in harvest and in spring hang on such conditions as these. It is enough for us to know the following glorious fact which should in our poor dying state never be very long absent from our thoughts:—

1. That our future bodies, although the same as the present bodies, will excel the present bodies in glory as much as the glory of the sun excels the glory of the stars. This is the scope of the apostle's reasoning (1 Cor. xv. 40-42), though the passage is generally quoted as teaching that some saints will excel other saints as much as one star excels another, or the sun the brightest star. This may be true: but this passage meddles not with that point, being concerned only with the weightier truth stated above.

2. That the heavenly body will still retain so much of its identity as to be a glorified likeness of what it was on earth. It was so with Moses and Elias when the three disciples knew them on the mount of transfiguration. And on this ground of knowing each other in heaven Paul administers comfort to the

bereaved believers of Thessalonica, bidding them not to mourn for their departed, as those that had no hope, giving them the precious assurance that after a short time they should be reunited with their departed ones who were fallen asleep in Jesus.

3. That the future body will contain in and have bestowed on it all the elements of infinite and eternal happiness. It will be *incorruptible*, liable to no pain, no change, no decay, no death. It will be *powerful*, endowed with powers of mind, and powers of body, and powers of work, and powers of endurance as much above those we now possess as the power of the full grown man exceeds the power of the infant child. It will be *glorious*, so glorious indeed that it can stand (at a remote distance it is true) comparison with the glorified body of Jesus. "We shall be like Him," and what that means it does not yet appear, being such glory as it is not lawful for a man to utter, as Paul, who saw it, tells us. It will be *spiritual*, as different from this natural body as heaven is from earth, and in intelligence and beauty of expression as far excelling anything here, as Stephen's face, when it looked like the face of an angel, excelled the faces then around him.

THE BATTLE WITH STRONG DRINK.

This century, which is now near the close of its third quarter, marks a very important stage in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race. During this century, the English speaking nations of the world have rid themselves of the foul blot of slavery. It was with a feeling of pride Cowper said in the preceding century, that slaves could not breathe in England: but the gold of Britain, and the blood of the United States have so issued things, that to-day slaves cannot breathe where the English tongue is spoken.

During this century, the Anglo-Saxon race has gone far to rid itself of the blot of international war. The Conference of Geneva, which settled by arbitration what would have been settled last century by war, has set on foot a way of settling international quarrels which will ere long make war between English speaking nations as disgraceful as slavery among them is now.

Thus it has happened to us in God's mercy and through the Religion of love which He has given us, that one terrible evil—slavery—has been quite cast out; and that a second—war—is in a fair way of following; but there is a third—drunkenness, not less destructive to life—which has still a frightful hold upon English-speaking communities. What of this social enemy more unconquerable, because more closely interwoven into the social fabric, than the other two? In answer to this question we would say that there is abundant reason to hope that before the close of the present century, this third foul enemy will lie in one grave with slavery and causeless war.

In our conflict with drunkenness, we must place our main reliance on the preaching of Christ. Let us explain what we mean by this. Our readers cannot have failed to notice in the forest, the homes of many of them from their childhood, that when the life of a tree begins to fail, and its sap to be dried up, that tree from that date becomes the object of attack on the part of enemies that would not have dared to meddle with it when its life was vigorous and its sap strong. Moss creeps up the dying trunk, insects lay their eggs in its bark, worms breed in it, and the woodpecker bores it with his merciless beak, all feeding on the corruption that is in the dying tree and hastening its death. Now, if it were possible to start life afresh in that tree, and to send the rich sap careering up the trunk to its utmost boughs and top-most leaves, these merciless enemies could not keep

their ground, but would die in their homes or flee from them. Death in the tree is their life, and its life is their death. So after a similar fashion the only way to keep men and communities from becoming the prey of such evils as drunkenness, is to maintain in them a strong, healthy, spiritual life. But this can only be done through union and communion with Christ. Christ is, in His sacrifice, in His intercession, in His spiritual influences, in His vital union with His people,—the source, spring, sustenance of their spiritual life as really as the sap is the life of the tree. "I am the vine," said Christ, making use of this very analogy of the tree and its sap, "ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire and they are burned." If deadly weeds, and loathsome worms are invading the social tree, it is because the spiritual life is waning in these parts. To remedy the evil it is not so much washes and outward remedies that are needed as a more vigorous inner life, in other words, closer union and communion with Christ the fountain of all spiritual life in this world. Missionaries to the heathen find it so; they never make any progress in reforming their hearers while they preach mere morality. The heathen *know* all these things, it is *power* to do the things they know to be right that is wanting. Faith in Christ, implying in it vital union with Him, supplies the needed power, and then a work of reformation begins that many waters, yes, and many fires cannot quench. Dr. Chalmers found it so at Kilmany, as he tells us himself. For years he preached against drunkenness and his parish was as drunken as ever; but when he found Christ in the solitude of his sick room, and when he came to his pulpit like one that had risen from the dead hold-

ing aloft the cross and inviting sinners to behold Christ, the whole country was moved from centre to circumference, and a reformation began which has continued there till this day.

"Talk of morality, Thou bleeding Lamb,
The great morality is love of Thee."

While it should never be forgotten that the great remedy for all our social evils is thus the Christianization of the people, bringing them into union and communion with the source of all spiritual life and health, still we ought not to overlook the fact, clearly taught in the Bible, that the civil rulers of a land have a duty to discharge towards such social evils. Some governments have called drunkenness a crime, and punish drunkards as they do thieves and incendiaries, and make drunkenness an aggravation rather than an extenuation of other crimes. In our laws, jealous almost to a fault of personal rights, no attempt of this kind would succeed, but there is a loud demand, even in Britain, and still louder now in Canada, that our Government should take cognizance of the liquor traffic, and do something at least to diminish its injurious consequences.

There are three positions a Government may occupy towards traffic in strong drink. It may refuse to know anything of the business and allow its citizens to carry on the traffic without molestation or regulation or license, as they do with the traffic in bread and broadcloth. This plan has been tried in some of the neighbouring States, but not with such success as can encourage others to try the experiment. It is found that the more the sellers multiply, the more the buyers increase, and that it is better to allow a few to enjoy the dangerous monopoly, although it enriches them at the expense of others, than to spread the evil over a wide surface.

But a Government may recognize the trade and legislate in the way of licens-

ing, controlling, restraining it. This plan is the one at present followed in most countries of Christendom, but its prudence is now emphatically called in question by men of wisdom and experience, because it is found that the fruit of this system is, on the one hand a vast amount of pauperism and crime, (three-fourths the result of strong drink), and on the other hand, a powerful corporation of dealers in drink whose wealth and influence is becoming dangerous to social order and liberty of the land.

If these two attitudes are untenable, if it has been found from experience that Government can neither let the thing alone, nor regulate it, it follows that it ought to forbid it. To this conclusion Canada seems coming with a speed that astonishes even the friends of legal prohibition. The country seems thoroughly aroused, and with an ease that suggests doubt as to whether people really understand the seriousness of the fight that is coming—petitions pass unanimously not only church courts and temperance societies, but municipal councils also, for the legal suppression of this dangerous traffic.

We are foolish if we think that acts of Parliament can make us a moral people or stand to us instead of Christ,

and the conflict with intemperance of every kind that we must wage in His presence and by His strength. No fence, however high and strong, can save a tree that is dead at the heart; although a good fence is of great value to a tree struggling into life. We are wise, therefore, and we cannot say it a year too soon, to say with all the emphasis that acts of Parliament can give to the saying, that strong drink is not needed as a beverage in Canada, that its presence is everywhere injurious to the best interests of society, and that it is therefore forbidden to citizens to make or market it for the sake of gain. This law many will break, no doubt, some from love of money and some from love of drink,—for there will be found some people who will break the laws enacted by God and man; but for the most part the law will be respected, the traffic in strong drink will, as in Maine, be reduced to the tenth at least, and that is something, of what it is at present, and the community will be all the healthier and wiser for the change. The tree stripped of this deadly parasite will thenceforward develop the God-given life that is in it, and which we should seek in fuller abundance all the faster from this external and legal shelter.

Living Preachers.

LIVING TEMPLES FOR THE LIVING GOD.

By C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at my word."—Isaiah lxvi. 1, 2.

That is an excellent answer which was given by a poor man to a sceptic

who attempted to ridicule his faith. The scoffer said, "Pray sir, is your God a great God or a little God?" The poor man replied, "Sir, my God is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him; and yet he condescends to be so little, that he dwells in broken and contrite hearts." Oh, the greatness of God, and the condescension of God! I hope we shall be led to think of both this evening, while we meditate upon the words of the text.

We have no time or need of a pre-

face. The text first of all teaches us that God rejects all material temples as the place of his abode; but, secondly, informs us that God has made a choice of spiritual temples, wherein he will dwell.

I. First of all, then, let us think a little of GOD'S REJECTION OF ALL MATERIAL TEMPLES. There was a time, when it could be said that there was a house of God on earth. That was a time of symbols, when as yet the Church of God was in her childhood. She was being taught her A B C, reading her picture-book, for she could not as yet read the word of God, as it were, in letters. She had need to have pictures put before her, patterns of the heavenly things. Then, even then, the enlightened among the Jews knew right well that God did not dwell between curtains, and that it was not possible that he could be encompassed in the most holy place within the veil. It was only a symbol of his presence. The fiery cloudy pillar was merely an indication that he was there, in that Tabernacle where he was pleased to say that he peculiarly revealed himself. But the time of symbols is now passed altogether. In that moment when the Saviour bowed his head, and said, "It is finished!" the veil of the temple was rent in twain, so that the mysteries were laid open. The most august of types I might consider the veil of the temple to be, but the dying hands of the Saviour grasped that veil, and tore it in twain from top to bottom; and then the secrets within, which were all the more secret because they were symbols, were made bare to the gazer's eye, and no longer did God deign to have a place on earth that should be called his house, nor any symbols of his presence whatsoever among the sons of men; and now it is sheer legality, a defunct ceremonial, Judaism, carnality, and idolatry, to go about and say of this place, "This is the house of God," or of such a chapel, or of such a stone

erection, "This is the altar of God," or of any man who chooses to put on certain tagrags and ribbons, "This is a man of God," a priest of the Most High! This is all done away with, and put away for ever. Now, as the church has attained her maturity, she lays aside these childish things.

But our text gives, from God's own mouth, reasons why there can be no house at the present time in which God can dwell; and, indeed, there never was any house of the kind in reality—only in symbol. For, say now, where is the place to build God a house? Look ye abroad, ye ambitious architects that would erect for God a house! Where will ye place it? Will ye place it in heaven? It is only his throne, not his house! Even all the majesty of heaven is but the seat on which he sits. Where will ye place the house then? On his seat? Build a temple on his throne! It cannot be. Do you say you will erect it here, on earth? What, on his footstool? This whole globe is but his footstool! Will ye put it where he shall put his foot upon it and crush it? A house for God upon his footstool! The very notion contradicts itself, and men may for ever forego the idea of building a house where God shall dwell, or a place where he shall rest. Fly through infinite space, and ye shall not find in any place that God is not there. Time cannot contain him, though it range along its millenniums! Space cannot hold him, for he that made all things is greater than the all things that he has made.

But then, the Lord seems to put it,—What kind of a house (supposing we had a site on which to erect it) would we build for God? Sons of men, of what material would ye make a dwelling-place for the Eternal and the Pure? Would ye build of alabaster? The heavens are not clean in his sight, and he charged his angels with folly! Would ye build of gold? Behold, the streets of his metropolitan city are paved there—

with, not indeed the dusky gold of earth, but transparent gold, like unto clear glass. And what were gold to Deity? Men may crave it and adore it, but what careth he for it? Whereas that city, wherein the church shall dwell for ever, hath foundations of chrysolite and sapphire and jasper and all manner of precious stones, will you think to rival that? Take me to imperial Russia, and point me to the meanest hovel of the meanest serf; tell me it is the imperial palace—I might believe it possible; but take me to the most gorgeous pile that human skill has ever reared, and tell me that is God's house!—Impossible! I hold up a snail's shell, and say, "This is as much the angel Gabriel's house as that is the house of the living God." They know not what they speak. Brainless are they, or they would not think so of him who filleth all things!

And then the Lord shows that the earth and the heavens themselves, which may be compared to a temple, are the works of his hand. How often I have felt as if I were compassed with the solemn grandeur of a temple, in the midst of the pine forest, or on the heathery hill, or out at night with the bright stars looking down through the deep heavens, or listening to the thunder, peal on peal, or gazing at the lightning as it lit up the sky! Then one feels as if he were in the temple of God! I am sometimes up on the Alps amidst the glories of nature, with the glacier and snow-clad peak; I am in the open, and I breathe the fresh air that comes from the ancient hills, but you tell me I am on "unholy ground!" Stands there, hard by, a little place, painted in all gaudy colours, in honour of a woman—blessed among women—it is true. I step inside, look round, and behold, the place is full of dolls and toys! Am I to be told that this is God's house inside and that outside thereof it is not God's house? It seems monstrous! How can any rational man credit it?

Look into a little shell, full of "holy water." Go outside,—and see the foaming waters sparkling in the cascade or coming down from the clouds, and they say "There is no holiness in that!" It's a wicked notion—wicked, I say,—to think that your four walls make that place holy, and your incantations, and I know not what, consecrate it. But, where God is, outside there, with the storm and the thunder, the rain and the wind, it is not holy. Oh, sirs, I think the outside is the holier of the two! God was with the Covenanters amidst their glens, as gloriously as ever he manifested himself in cathedrals. God has been as earnestly sought, and as verily found in humble cottages where two or three have met to pray, as ever he has been in the largest tabernacle. The sailor's service read on the sea has been as acceptable to God as worship on land; and the gatherings of humble Romans in the Catacombs, or of the hunted fathers in the secluded dells of our own counties, were as much the gatherings of the true Church of God as any well-appointed assemblies can be in these peaceable times. Thus saith the Lord, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool. Where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?" Let us shake ourselves clear of all the idolatry and materialism that is so common in the age.

II. Now, secondly, let us muse awhile upon GOD'S CHOICE OF SPIRITUAL TEMPLES. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Observe, beloved, that God chooses to dwell in men's hearts. He is a Spirit, and he takes our spirits to be the resting place of his Spirit. Will you note carefully, as respects the choice of hearts in which God would dwell, what is *not* said. It is not said, "I will dwell with men of elevated rank." I never find a single scripture that gives any special privileges to dignity, nobil-

ity, or royalty—may, not a syllable throughout all scripture that gives any peculiar gospel promise to the great and the rich of this world. Indeed, "not many great men after the flesh, not many mighty are chosen." Nor do I read here anything about a peculiar office. It is not said, "To that man will I look, who is ordained and set apart, and made specially to be a vessel of grace." No, nothing of the sort—nothing about monks, or priests, or clergy, or ministers—no special class set apart for the reception of the blessing. Far otherwise. "Neither do I notice any particular genius necessary. It is not said, "With that man of poetic mind will I dwell," or, "with that person of refined spirit," or, with the man that has an eye to the beauties of colour," or, "an ear to the harmonies of sound,"—not a word of it. Some men think that genius makes men good, and all who happen to excel are set down as the excellent of the earth. With God it is not so, and it is not so said here. Neither is it written that God will dwell with persons of any special education. It is well to be educated, but a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and Hebrew and Syriac, will not inscribe our names in the Book of Life. A man may be most illiterate, and yet come under the description here given, for there is not a syllable about the learned and highly educated being the temples of God. Neither is there a syllable here said about outward religiousness. It does not say, "I will dwell with that man that attends a place of worship twice a Sunday, joins the church, is baptized, and receives the Lord's Supper." Nothing of the sort. The description of the spiritual temple runs not so.

And then, I want you to notice next, that the points which are selected as descriptive of God's temple are just such as are frequently despised. "Oh," the world says, "who wants to be poor?" "Poor in spirit." we reply.

"Ah," says the world, "we don't want any of your poor spirited creatures: we like a man full of courage and confidence—your self-made, self-reliant men. Poor in spirit, indeed! And," says the world, "we find the contrite very dull company. Broken-hearted people are not the sort we love to associate with." Oh, no; what in their account can be the value of contrition? And as for trembling at God's word, why you know it was because the Society of Friends were accustomed to speak much of this, and say that they trembled at God's words, that they called them Quakers, thus turning their good confession into a term of derision and reproach. And now-a-days, if a man is very reverent towards the word of God, and very desirous to obey the Lord's commands in everything, people say, "He is very precise," and they shun him; or, with still more acrimony, they say, "He is very bigoted: he is not a man of liberal spirit;" and so they cast out his name as evil. Bigotry, in modern parlance, you know, means giving heed to old truths in preference to novel theories; and a liberal spirit, now-a-days, means being liberal with everything except your own money—liberal with God's law, liberal with God's doctrine, liberal to believe that a lie is a truth, that black is white, and that white may occasionally be black. That is liberal sentiment in religion—the broad church school—from which may God continually deliver us; for there is something true in the world after all, and we shall get wrong in heart and rotten at the core if we think there is not.

Now God is pleased to say that the man who trembleth at his word, the man of broken heart, the man who is poor in spirit, is such an one as he will look to; these are his temples,—these, and these only, are the men in whom he will dwell. And I am so thankful for this, beloved friends, because this is a state which, through God's grace, is

attainable by all here whom the Lord shall call. Oh, if the Lord said he dwelt in the hearts of the great, there would not be much hope for some of us; or if he said he dwelt with the refined and well-instructed, we might never have received a visit from him; but if it be with the poor, happy it is for us, as you see it is easier to grow poor than rich, and God by his grace can soon make us poor in spirit. If he dwells with the contrite, why should not I be among the contrite? And if he dwells with those that tremble at his word,—well, that is not a very high degree of grace,—surely through his love I may get to that, and God may come and dwell with me, and make me to rejoice in his company. For, beloved, these evidences which are here put down, are such as belong to the very least of the saints. If the Lord had said he dwelt with those that had full assurance, it would shut many of us out. If the Lord said he dwelt with those who had attained to the higher life, and walked habitually with him, that might shut us out again. But, oh, how condescendingly he has put it—with the poor, the contrite, and those that tremble at his word. Here is God's architecture, here is his cathedral, here are his tabernacles in which he dwells—the poor, the contrite, and the trembling heart. Let us thank God that these three marks are what they are. It is consoling to our spirits that they do not shut us out of hope.

III. I will close, lastly, with this: Those that are of this character secure A GREAT BLESSING. God says he will look to them. That means several things. It means consideration. Whoever and whatever God may overlook, he will look upon a broken heart. This means approbation. Though God does not approve of the most costly building that is meant to be his house, he approves of every one that trembles at his word. It means acceptance. Though God will accept no materialism in his

worship, he will accept the sighs and cries of a poor broken spirit. It means affection. Be they who they may that do not receive God's help, contrite spirits shall have it. And it means benediction. "To *this* man will I look." I was reading the other day in an old author the following reflection as near as I can remember it. Saith he, "There may be a child in the family that is very weak and sickly. There are several others that are also out of health, but this one is sorely ill. And the mother says to the nurse, 'You shall see after the rest, but to this one will I look—even to this one that is so sore sick and so exceeding weak.'" So God does not say to his angels, "You shall look after the poor and the contrite, I have other things to do," but he saith, "Go ye about, ye spirits, be ye ministering spirits to those that are stronger, and bear *them* up in your hands, lest *they* dash themselves against a stone; but here is a poor soul that is very poor: I will look after *him* myself. Here is a poor spirit that is very broken: I will bind that up myself. Here is a heart that trembles very much at my word: I will comfort that heart myself;" and so, he telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by name—he healeth the broken in heart; he bindeth up their wounds. Out of special love to them he will do it himself. I should like to be the means of comfort to some contrite spirit to-night. Very likely the Lord will say, "No, I will not make you the means of it." Very well, Master: be it as thou wilt; but thou wilt do it thyself. When we write books and tracts, we wish that we might comfort the desponding. Very likely the Lord will say, "No, no." What should we reply to this? "Lord, thou canst do it better than we could. There are sores we cannot reach, some diseases that laugh at our medicines, but, good Lord, thou canst do it." And the Lord will come to you, poor broken down in heart,—he will come. Don't despair.

Though the devil says you will never be saved, don't believe it; and above all, turn your eyes full of tears to Christ on the cross, and trust him. There is salvation in no other, but there is salvation in the crucified Redeemer.

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved—
Unto him who was nail'd to the tree.

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul:
On him, then, who shed it believing at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath he endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

We are heal'd by his stripes;—wouldst thou add to the word?
And he is our righteousness made:
The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on;
Oh! couldst thou be better array'd?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared;
And completed the work he begun.

Look to Jesus, and rest your soul at the foot of his cross, and if you don't get life to-day, nor to-morrow, you *will* get it; and if you have not joy and peace in believing for many a day, it *will* come: it *must* come, for God will sooner or later look to him that is poor

and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at his word.

Now, many will go away and laugh, and say, "Well, I understand nothing about that." Poor heart! The more's the pity! If thou livest and diest, not knowing this, thy lot will be worse than if thou hadst never been born. The Lord have mercy on thee! Though thy pocket be lined with gold, and thy back covered with the finest cloth, and thy house full of splendid furniture, and children on thy knee, God have mercy on thee if thou hast never known what a contrite spirit meaneth, for, as the Lord liveth, a terrible end will be thine—an end without end, for ever and for ever:

But, and if I speak to the poorest of the poor, who came in hither though they thought their clothes were not fit for decent company, though you have not a home to go to to-night, and though you have not any comfort of conscience by reason of sin; or, if I speak to such as have many creature comforts, but no comfort in spirit, because you are pressed down by guilt; bless the Lord here, as you listen to the proclamation of his tender mindfulness of your low estate; for the message has come, and Jesus is come to set free the captive, to open blind eyes, and recover the lost. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." May you find salvation in him, for his love's sake. Amen.

Poetry.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here the ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep was the water He crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed
through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,

"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

"THEY SAY."

"*They say*"—ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why put yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

"*They say*"—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a noble plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"*They say*"—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth, to "go and sin no more?"

"*They say*"—O! pause and look within;
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou too should sink beneath its power;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

WEARY, YET WAITING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

"If we hope for that we see not, then do we with
patience wait for it."—ROM viii. 25.

I am weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest:
Jesus loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary, night and morning,
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright eternal life.

I can wait a little longer,
For his will is very dear;
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the day is near.

O the joy of being holy!
How delightful it will be!
Mind and body given solely
To the bliss of serving Thee!

Blessed Jesus! Thou hast told me
I shall see Thee as Thou art!
Face to face I shall behold Thee
Never more from Thee to part!

I shall see Thee in the glory
Which surrounded Thee above,
Ere began the wondrous story
Of thy dear redeeming Love.

"I STAND AND KNOCK."

I stand and knock, at holy Advent time;
Oh, happy, then, is he
Who, knowing well the Shepherd's voice,
Opens the door to me;
The evening meal with him I'll hold,
And heavenly light and grace unfold.
I stand and knock.

I stand and knock. Without it is so cold;
The snow lies o'er the land;
Like crystal columns, tall and straight,
The icy fir-trees stand,
And frozen are the hearts of mortals;
Who will unclose the tight-barred portals?
I stand and knock.

I stand and knock. Oh, could'st thou look but
once
Into my very face!
Could'st thou behold the crown of thorns,
The bloody nail-prints trace!
So long have I been seek'g' thee,
My steps lead from the accursed tree.
I stand and knock.

I stand and knock. The evening is so calm,
So quiet, near and far
The wide earth sleeps; from yonder heaven
Looks down the evening star.
In such still, sacred hour of night,
To many a heart I've given light.
I stand and knock.

I stand and knock. Say not, "It is the wind
Rustling the branches ere;"
Thy Saviour 'tis, thy Lord, thy God, my child;
Ah, close not now thine ear:
Though now I speak in whispers mild,
Too soon, perchance, in storm-blasts wild.
I stand and knock.

I stand and knock. Now would I be thy guest:
But when this house of thine
A rain lies, then think, O soul,
That thou shalt knock at mine;
Then, if thou hast welcomed me,
I'll open Heaven's gates to thee.
I stand and knock.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

[The special interest of these lines arises from the circumstance that the author, a young man, since dead, was insane on every point except that of religion, on which he continued to the last thoroughly sound and intelligent.]

When'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news! What's the news?
Pray what's the orier of the day?
What's the news! What's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed,
But now He's risen from the dead,—
That's the news! That's the news!

To heaven above the conqueror's gone,—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's passed triumphant to the throne,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne He will remain,
Until as judge He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train,—
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around,—
That's the news! That's the news!

And many have redemption found,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosannah to His name;
And all around they spread His fame,—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin,—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save me now,—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew,—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,—
That's the news! That's the news!

And then if any one should say,—
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,—
That's the news! That's the news!

Christian Thought.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE OF
THE RESURRECTION OF
JESUS CHRIST.

By THE REV. C. A. ROW, M.A.

We are sorry we cannot make room for the whole of this Lecture, the best of the volume of Lectures delivered last year in the New Hall of Science, City Road, London, in answer to popular objections against revealed truth. The writer begins by showing that the Christian religion is based on a historical fact—the Resurrection: and his aim in this lecture is to show that this fact can be established with the utmost certainty by four of Paul's letters admitted to be his genuine productions by all the eminent unbelievers in Europe. These four letters, that to the Romans, the two to the Corinthians, and that to the Galatians, were written, the lecturer shows, the latest of them, less than 28 years after the crucifixion, just the period that lies between last year and the repeal of the cori-laws, within that period of time, indeed, which the most rigid canons of criticism lay down as within the most perfect period of historical

recollection, and by a man who must have conversed with many who had seen the Lord after His resurrection, and who Himself saw. Having cleared the ground thus far, the lecturer proceeds thus to use these four letters:—

“Having pointed out the value of these letters as historical evidence, I now state the chief facts which can be distinctly proved by them, and the nature of the evidence which they afford of the historical truth of the Resurrection.

1. It is clear that not only did St. Paul believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ as an historical fact; but that he considered it as the foundation on which the revived Christian community was erected. He received it as the one only ground of the existence of the Church. Whatever may be said of his references to other miracles, his references to this one are of the most

unimpeachable character. They are too numerous to be quoted in proof of this in a lecture of the length of the present one. One will be sufficient. In the fifteenth of the first letter to the Corinthians, he expressly asserts that if the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not a fact, Christianity is a delusion.

2. His mode of reference to this event proves that he not only himself believed in it as a fact, but that he had not the smallest doubt that those to whom he wrote believed in it as firmly as he did. He refers to it in the most direct terms; he refers to it also in the most incidental manner, as the foundation of the common faith both of himself and of those to whom he wrote. He evidently calculates that they would accept his statements without the smallest hesitation. Now nothing is more valuable than a set of incidental references to an event. They prove that both the writer and those to whom he writes know all about them, and have a common belief in them. Now observe how this is exemplified in the ordinary letters which we write. When we are of opinion that our correspondent is fully acquainted with an event, we simply allude to it, without entering on a formal description of it. We feel sure that our view of the fact will be accepted by him. Such is the manner in which St. Paul refers to the resurrection of Jesus Christ, throughout these letters, with the exception of 1 Cor. xv. and 1st and 2nd of Galatians, where his reference is for purposes directly historical and controversial.

3. There are circumstances in these allusions which render this testimony stronger than any other in history. Party spirit raged fiercely in two of these churches, to whom these letters were written. In the Corinthian church there were several parties who were more or less adverse to St. Paul. He names three of them; an Apollos party; another which designated themselves by the name of Peter; and a third which

used the name of Christ as their special designation. Besides those, he specifies a party which was especially attached to himself. One of these parties went the extreme length of denying *his right to the apostolical office, on the ground that he had not been one of the original companions of Jesus*. No small portion of the second Epistle is occupied with dealing with this party, and defending his own position against them.

Such being the state of affairs in this Church, it is obvious that if the party in opposition to his apostleship had held any different views respecting the reality of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from himself, the demolition of the entire defence which he puts in for it was certain. He puts the question, "*Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?*" I do not quote these words as evidence that he had really seen Jesus Christ, but as a proof that if his opponents had not been firmly persuaded that the resurrection was a fact, the moment this letter was read, they would have instantly denounced him as a falsifier of the Gospel; and declared that his claim to apostolical authority, based on his having seen the risen Jesus, was worthless, because he had not risen. It is evident, therefore, that as far as the fact of the resurrection was concerned, St. Paul and his bitterest opponents were agreed as to its truth.

4. The evidence furnished by the Epistle to the Galatians is yet more conclusive. Here was a strong party, who not only denied St. Paul's apostleship, but who had so far departed from his teaching, that he designates their doctrines by the name of *another gospel*. This party had been so successful, that they had drawn away a large number of St. Paul's own converts. No one can read this letter without seeing that the state of things in this Church touched him to the quick. It is full of the deepest bursts of feeling. Yet the whole letter is written throughout with the most entire confidence, that

however great were the differences between himself and his opponents, there was no diversity of view between them and him, that the belief in the resurrection of Jesus was the foundation stone of their common Christianity. Hear his words at the beginning of this letter. "Paul, an *apostle* (not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, *who raised Him from the dead*,) and all the brethren who are with me, to the Churches of Galatia. . . I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ *unto another gospel*: which is not another; but there are some which trouble you, and would subvert the gospel of God." If St. Paul's belief, and that of his opponents on this point, had not been at entire agreement, no man in his senses would have thrown them down such a challenge as is contained in these words, and is continued in the strongest terms throughout the entire letter.

5. But the evidence furnished by this letter goes far beyond the mere belief of the Galatian churches at the time it was sent to them. It involves the testimony of two other churches, viz., that of the great Church at Antioch, which was the metropolis of Gentile Christianity, and that of the mother Church of Jerusalem, and carries it up to a much earlier date. St. Paul's opponents were Judaizing Christians, who professed themselves to be the followers of St. Peter and St. James. St. Paul, in the second chapter, asserts that his teaching was in substantial harmony with that of these two great chiefs of the Jewish Church. St. Paul's opponents were Christians who belonged to the most extreme Judaizing party in the Church, and who maintained that the observation of the law of Moses, with all its rites and ceremonies, was an integral portion of Christianity. Yet this party was at one with Paul in believing that the resurrection of Jesus was a fact. If so, the whole Jewish

Church, even its most extreme members, concurred in that belief. The second chapter makes it plain that the whole Church at Antioch did the same at the period when St. Peter and St. Paul jointly visited it, and involves the fact of St. Peter's direct testimony to the truth of the resurrection. This alone is sufficient to prove that the belief, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, was no after-growth, but was coincident with the renewed life of the Christian Church immediately after the crucifixion.

6. Let us now look into the evidence supplied by the Epistle to the Romans. If it be urged that St. Paul had founded some of the other churches, and that even his opponents some way or other had adopted his views on this point, this was a Church which he had neither founded nor visited. It had evidently been in existence years before he wrote his letter to them. This Church was so large and important, that he felt that he was not in danger of being misapprehended, when he stated that *their faith was a subject of conversation throughout the whole world*. It contained a large Jewish element; and from the number of strangers who visited that city, there can be no doubt that among its members were representatives of every variety of Christian thought. Yet he addressed this Church with the full confidence that its members held the same views respecting the resurrection as he did himself. Not only is all his teaching based on the supposition of its truth, and the fact again and again reiterated; but the opening of the letter declares that Jesus Christ was marked out as the Son of God *by the resurrection from the dead*, and that on it was founded his claims to be an apostle.

We have thus firmly established the fact that within a period of less than twenty-eight years after the crucifixion three large Christian Churches, who were separated from each other by hun-

dreds of miles of space, were all of the same mind in believing that Jesus Christ had risen from the dead, and that this belief was the sole ground of the existence of the Christian community. Consider how long it would have taken for such a belief to have grown up in Churches thus widely separated. We have found that similar was the belief of the Jewish Church, and of that at Antioch, and proved that it was believed in by those churches from their first origin. We may therefore safely infer that it was the belief of the entire Christian body wherever situated. It is useless therefore to assert that the belief in the miraculous stories of the Gospels grew up very gradually during the first century, and for the purpose of enabling them to have done so, to put off the publication of the first three Gospels to its close or the first ten years of the second. On the contrary, we have indisputable evidence that the greatest of these miracles was implicitly believed in within much less than twenty-eight years after the crucifixion.

6. This belief was evidently not one of recent growth. The mode in which allusion is made to it proves that it was contemporaneous with the first belief in Christianity on the part of those to whom St. Paul wrote. As we have seen, many of them were Jewish Christians, who must have been very early converts themselves, or who must have derived their faith from those who were. The allusions in the letter to the Galatians plainly include the testimony of St. Peter and St. James. We also find, by a most incidental allusion in the letter to the Romans, that there were two members of that Church who had embraced Christianity before St. Paul. The allusion is so incidental, that it is worth quoting. It occurs in the midst of a large number of salutations, "Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen, and my fellow prisoners, who are of note among the apostles, who also were in Christ before me." Yet they were all

agreed on this point. St. Paul had believed in it from his conversion, *i.e.*, within less than ten years after the crucifixion. Andronicus and Junia believed it still earlier. Peter, James, and John believed it from the first; for St. Paul states that he communicated to them the gospel which he preached among the Gentiles; and that they generally approved of it; and in the fifteenth to the Corinthians he expressly affirms that Peter and James had seen Jesus Christ after He was risen from the dead. Let it be observed that in the Epistle to the Galatians he informs us that he paid Peter a visit of fifteen days, three years after his own conversion; and that during this visit, he had an interview with James. We cannot, therefore, in asserting that we have here the direct testimony of these two men, that they had seen the risen Jesus. It follows, therefore, that the belief in the Resurrection was that on which the Church was reconstructed immediately after the crucifixion.

7. St. Paul makes, in the fifteenth to the Corinthians, a very definite statement as to a number of persons who had actually seen Jesus Christ after He had risen from the dead. He tells us that on one occasion He was seen by more than five hundred persons at once, of whom the greater part, *i.e.*, more than two hundred and fifty, were still living when he wrote. Now consider how St. Paul, in making this assertion, put himself in the hands of those opponents who denied his apostleship. If the resurrection was not generally believed to be true, the discussion between them might have been put an end to then and there, by a simple exposure of the falsehood of such a statement. But if these five hundred persons really thought that they had seen Jesus Christ alive after He was crucified, how is it possible to account for so singular a fact, otherwise than on the supposition of its truth?

8. But further: in the Corinthian

Church there were persons who denied the possibility of a resurrection, after the body had been dissolved into its various elements (1 Cor. xv. 14, 25), and who affirmed that all that was meant by the future resurrection was a great spiritual change. Yet, with defective logic, they admitted that the resurrection of Christ had been a bodily one (see 1 Cor. xv. 12-17). The apostle presses them with the following reasoning, How can you deny the possibility of a bodily resurrection hereafter, when you admit that Christ actually rose from the dead? If this latter point had not been the foundation of the faith of the Church, they might have made short work of the apostle and his logic by simply denying the truth of the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ. This circumstance also proves that there were persons in the Church to whom

this letter was written who were far from being disposed readily to believe in a story of a resurrection from the dead. In one word, they were not over-credulous.

We are now in a position most positively to affirm that the story of the resurrection of Jesus was no fiction which slowly grew up during the latter half of the first century, but that it was a fact, fully believed in by those who gave the new impulse to the Christian Church after the crucifixion of its Founder. I have not quoted the testimony of the Gospels to prove this, because my opponents deny its validity. I have simply deduced it from historical documents, which they allow to be genuine. It is evident, therefore, that one miracle narrated in these Gospels is not a late-invented myth."

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century : being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. II.

(Continued.)

When about 12 years of age I went to Stirling, where I continued for some time in the family of Mr. R. D. At this time I fell into a fever and again death came to look me in the face, which brought my sins to my remembrance. Language would fail to describe the horrors that took hold on me, for my bodily pain, which was great, was as nothing compared to my mental distress. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Prov. xviii. 14. I could hardly look for mercy, as I had been disobedient all my days. O! sin lay heavy on my conscience, and I besought the Lord to spare me so that I could find time to repent, binding myself by vows to serve the Lord if I lived.

It pleased the Lord to deliver me from this sickness and to raise me from the gates of death. But I no sooner recovered from this sickness than I grew weary of my vows. "Nevertheless, they did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied unto Him with their tongues: for their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant," Psalm lxxviii. 36, 37.

It was about this time I fell in with a book having this title: "Grace abounding to the chief of sinners." The title of the book suited me exceedingly well, for methought that I myself, without any doubt, was the very man. In reading the book I saw that the writer was a great sinner, and that, notwithstanding, he received mercy. Then said I, it may be that the Lord will have mercy on me likewise, seeing that pardon is offered to the chief of sinners. This thought gave me great encouragement to go to the Lord and lay bare before Him my sins. In doing this I felt such meltings of heart that at times, with a flood

of tears, I was found resolving I would never more forsake the Lord. This Scripture, I fancied, sweetly affected me—"My grace is sufficient for you." 2 Cor. xii. 9. But this impression continued only for a brief season, as I know in my own heart, and as others who hoped the grace of God had been made sufficient for me, soon saw in my life. So far as I remember I persevered in my religious duties about three months; and took, during that time, intense delight in reading good books, of which there were many in the house where I lived, for the reading of which I had plenty of time. But novels and plays came to my hand, and in a short time I began to lose all relish for reading religious books, and I spent all my spare time in reading romantic and amusing stories, which caused me to neglect prayer, and made me seven times worse than I was before. My old habit of swearing, and other secret sins, came back. I began to take great delight in narrating foolish and false stories to my companions, so that I at last fell into such a lying habit that rather than be without a story I would make one for the occasion, which practice brought me at last to such a woful state that I could hardly speak a word of solid truth.*

I became now so abandoned and unholy, and such an adept at swearing, that while walking abroad I would curse aloud those against whom I had a

*Hugh Miller, whose imagination was morbidly active till the tragic end came, fell into the same habit of story-telling to his classmates, but takes a less severe view of the business than Dugald Buchanan did. "My story-telling vocation," says Hugh Miller, "once fairly ascertained, there was, I found, no stopping in my course. I had to tell all the stories I had ever heard or read; and at length, after weeks and months of narrative, I found my available stock of acquired fact and fiction fairly exhausted; and setting myself in the extremity of the case, to try my ability at original production, I began to dole out to them by the hour and the diet long extempore biographies which proved wonderfully popular and successful.—*Translator.*

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grudge, having no other way of being avenged on them. I stayed two years in this place, and, notwithstanding my immeasurable provocations, the Lord, I must acknowledge, showed me great kindness. He did so in restoring me to health, after I had been at death's door. And again, He showed His kindness by giving me the providential deliverance I am now to tell.

One day as I was walking along the street, (Stirling) a drunken soldier, right before me, was being tormented by a lad who was insulting him by throwing in his face a bundle of dirty rags. Ignorant of the work that had been going on I took up the rags to throw them out of the road, when the soldier saw me, and supposing I was the very lad that had been dogging him, he turned, drew his bayonet, and made for me. As the only way of escape I ran into a *close* (a narrow lane) that was near, and just as I was entering, and he was about to stab, the Lord in his adorable providence so ordered it that he fell headlong, and there he lay for a time unconscious, so that I had a chance to escape with my life.

I must not omit to mention here another and a third deliverance I received from God while living in Stirling. It happened that being on my way from Edinburgh, on a very wet day, in the month of November, I was benighted near Falkirk. When I came to Carron water I immediately took the ford without once thinking of the heavy rains during the day. No sooner did I reach the middle of the stream than my horse, losing his footing, began to flounder, and the night being dark I was at a loss whether I ought to go on or to return. I did turn back, however, and crossed the river by the bridge, not very far away, getting home safe, to hear as the first news in the morning that a man, attempting the same ford that night, was drowned.

A little after this I left Stirling for Edinburgh, where I remained six

months in the employment of Mr. S——. In Edinburgh I went to still greater length in sin. Meeting a corrupt young man like myself, we encouraged each other in sin; and in every act of transgression I was always the leader. And yet amid my foolish and sinful pleasure, conscience often awoke and put in me great fear of the anger of God; but I concluded it was of no use now to repent. "But thou saidst, there is no hope: no, for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go," Jer. ii. 25.

As I was now 18 years of age my father wished me to choose a trade of some kind, and to settle down and learn it, but that was the very thing I was set against, for I loved too well my idle wandering life to wish for anything else. However, at last my relations persuaded me by showing me that by this plan I could be surer of a livelihood and comfort than any other way. I chose therefore the trade of a house-carpenter, and went to Kippen and bound myself apprentice for three years to a master who was a relation of my own. In Kippen I met with companions of a different kind from those I had been accustomed to, and as the parish church was near I attended it each Sabbath day to hear preaching. The minister, the Revd. Mr. Potter, preached a series of sermons from Job xxii. 21, "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace, thereby God shall come unto thee." By many mighty considerations he proved how needful that man should be at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. But a thousand doubts sprang up in my unbelieving heart, the worst of which was that I was now beyond hope, that the day of grace was now past, and that God would never forgive me seeing I had back-slidden so often. I sorrowed on account of the happiness of others, of which I, the most miserable of crea-

tures, could never hope to be a partaker.*

I began, however, to think that sinners greater than I, had received pardon. I instanced to myself Manasseh and Paul, who, worse than I, found pardon. By this I plucked up a little courage, and in reading a book about the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the marks of it, I came to the conclusion that I had not committed this sin, and the hope sprung up that the Lord might forgive me, as I had not yet gone the length of that unpardonable sin. "Who knows," said I, "but the Lord may yet be gracious to me!" Believing, therefore, that I could not be more wretched, I resolved to venture on God and to let Him do with me as seemed to Him good. From that time, therefore, I began to be another man, prayed twice each day, and left off such sins as did formerly beset me. I found also in myself a heart broken for sin, and much sweetness in this promise following: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," Isa. xliii. 25. But whatever sweetness and comfort I found in this promise at that time, my conduct and desires afterwards showed clearly that I did not fully understand that promise, especially that part of it—"for mine own sake," for I looked for forgiveness because of my prayers, my tears, and my duties, and not because of *His sake*.

*Though the religious condition of Scotland, at this time, was one of great deadness and darkness, God did not leave Himself without some noble witnesses for the truth in the pulpits of the land. Thos. Boston lit up the south of Scotland with his doctrines and life. The Secession Fathers gathered and cherished the dying embers in many a rural district south of the Grampians. The cities had such men as Dr. Erskine, Dr. McLaurin, and Dr. Gillies, while in the remote Highlands the Caldors and the Frasers, by fervent piety wedded to true genius, kept the flame alive. During that dark, dreary time occurred the revival (1742) in Cambuslang, and Whitfield's visit to Scotland.—*Translator*.

I was now a reformed man in the estimation of my neighbours, and more than that, I was a reformed man in my own estimation, and I spent my spare time in reading the Bible and other good books. There was a glen near my father's house, whither it was my habit to resort for prayer. Here I passed each sabbath alone, reading the word, praying, and singing psalms. When God's people saw how diligently I waited on the means of grace they began to love me, and I began to love myself when I found such good desires in my heart, and such good deeds in my life, for I resolved, with all my might, to keep God's commandments in such a way that the greatest Pharisee could not say to me, "Brother, let me pluck the mote out of thine eye."²² My old habits were now forsaken, but my old desires were not yet dried up, only turned out of the channel in which they formerly ran, which resulted just in this, that they made for themselves new channels, it being impossible to stop the stream while the fountain that supplies it still runs. It is true that a dam may be built to stop its course for a time, but the high flood of temptation, when it comes, will sweep away the flimsy barriers which men erect by their own vows and resolutions. I found, therefore, that my besetting sin, which had often conquered me, was still too strong for me. I was so vexed and grieved with this that I entered into a solemn covenant with God against that sin, placing myself under the penalty of eternal damnation, should I break that covenant, imagining, in my ignorance, that I would not be so mad as to incur the damnation of hell for one lust, for I then thought that all my other sins had been finally and fully

overcome. But the locks of my corrupt nature were not yet shorn, and when temptation came it broke all the cords with which I thought to bind it. Such indeed was the strength of sin in me at that time, I believe, though hell itself, with all its terrors, lay before me, I would break through the fiery fence. The covenant being thus broken I felt that I was utterly undone. My despair was great, for I saw how just it would be for God to cast me into hell, according to the terms of my covenant with Him. But I recovered my spirits and began to hope for forgiveness, if I could only do better in the future, and so I renewed my vows. And this was my usual way, I promised in the presence of God to—keep all His commandments, especially that one I was most liable to break, and set a time before myself, sometimes three months and sometimes six months. I fixed the time thus because I imagined that if I could refrain from my sin for a time it would by degrees become so weakened that I could finally overcome it. But invariably it happened that the sin was stronger at the end than the beginning; and if it so happened, which was not often, that I kept the vow well for the time specified, I claimed some indulgence as a reward for the torture I had been suffering in refraining from sin.

*It is instructive to notice that Buchanan, like Luther, and many other eminent saints, had a long and painful struggle before he saw and understood God's simple unencumbered plan of saving sinners through faith in Christ.
—Translator.

About this time I attended the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a neighboring parish, as a spectator, for I felt myself unfit to be a communicant. My conscience was thoroughly awakened that day as I began to understand that I was still unsaved, notwithstanding all my reformations. On my way home I fell into deep distress, and as I was all alone I spent the most of the night on the road, at times weeping, at times praying, and at times throwing myself on the ground regardless of what injury I might receive. I arrived at home worn out as much by mental distress as by the journey, but the storm gradually

passed away, and though my memory is at fault as to the precise thing that gave me relief, I can remember well that it was a false peace founded on looking back on some good thing I had done, or looking forward to some good thing I hoped by and by to do. But this rotten foundation was soon shattered by a sermon from Isa. xxviii. 16, "Behold I lay in Zion, for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." I remember well that as soon as I discovered that I was not building on Jesus Christ I became extremely anxious to know how I could make a beginning in that direction; but how the matter ended I cannot now recollect, only, whatever building there was, soon thereafter fell, and the fall was great, for, quarrelling with my master, I set out for Dumbarton, where I engaged for six months with a new master.

I was twenty years of age when I began life in Dumbarton, and wanting the good companionship I had in K'ppen, and wanting also the root of the matter, my new companions drew me aside to drunkenness, on which occasions, when reason forsook me, I fell into oaths, at which I was sore grieved when I became sober, and began the old business of making vows, which were no sooner made than they were broken. My wretched building of untempered mortar fell, not at one stroke, but bit by bit, and inch by inch, so that at last I was houseless in the miry clay, and became a partner with my wicked companions in their hellish deeds. One day, when out for the fresh air, this scripture came with terrible poignancy to my conscience, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from which I came out; and when he is come he finds it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits, more wicked than himself,

and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first," Matt. xii. 43-45. This went like a knife to my heart. It filled me with horror that God had forsaken me and that I had become the habitation of devils. "Cursed be the day," I cried, "when I went astray from God, cursed be the day when I met with these wicked companions. Oh! the misery of being delivered up to this. Oh! how doleful to be the subject of such a doom." I was indeed in such a state that I could have torn my hair and my flesh; but it is really impossible for me to express the horror with which I was filled as I looked on myself as forsaken of God and given over to the wrath which shall devour the adversaries.

After this I fell into a state of gloom so that nothing could give me pleasure; but at length I resolved what to do. It was clear, I said, that heaven was lost, and that there was no other heaven for me, unless I could manage to make my heaven here on earth. I cheered up, therefore, and plunged while I could into foolish and sinful pleasures. All the bonds of religion were now broken and cast aside, and like the wild ass of the desert, I ran at large, all the time trying to hush conscience, which, however, could hardly be done. The last balm I found for my wounds was hearty, merry company, in which I was always found when it was within my reach. But as company could not always be found I committed to memory, as the next best thing, all the rhymes and songs I could find, which was poor balm for a wounded conscience, as I found in my experience, for peace was still far from me. Then I began to think that if I could only convince myself that there is no God, I could then be at peace, but I could not manage this though I earnestly desired it, for in the very heart of my merriment, when I thought I had succeeded, the fact of His existence, and the reality of His wrath, would flash into my soul with

the force of certainty from which there was no escape. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God,'" Psalm xiv. 1. Having tried every plan to satisfy my mind (so that I might sin without remorse) that there is no God, and having wished that it might be so with all my heart, I notwithstanding failed, as I have said; but at last, unasked and unsought, the fearful boon I coveted came to me, and I was now as helpless to convince myself that God is as I was formerly to convince myself that He is not.*

Happening one day to be in a wood near by, with perplexing thought about the existence of God, I began to look at the plants that grew around, noticed how wonderful they were in structure and color, and having plucked some of them, on close examination I perceived such perfect regularity in the disposition of branches first on one side of the stem and then on the other, that I could detect no discrepancy. Pursuing this thought I noted the variety of birds and animals, fulfilling with such uniformity the ends for which they came into existence, and provided for by some power beyond themselves. Then I asked, how could this be? to which no answer could be given better than to assume the existence of a wise and powerful Creator. In this way, contemplating the order to be seen in Creation and Providence, my mind came to some

* Here is a striking illustration of God "sending men strong delusion that they should believe a lie," of God taking away the talent that has been misused, of God hardening still more men's hardened hearts. For it would seem from this striking fact so clearly brought out and so honestly expressed that this delusion, this deprivation, this hardening is, as the Bible indicates, not only the natural and necessary result of the laws that govern the spiritual world, just as natural blindness will come to him that keeps his eyes for ever closed, but that over and above this there is such a thing as a positive intervention of God in awful wrath, to bring on the spiritual eye of the hardened sinner what came on the bodily eye of Elymas the sorcerer.—*Translator.*

settlement in the belief that there is a God, and that He upholds and governs all His creatures. Another day, while wandering in the fields, I found a horse's head lying on the ground, bleached with the rains and sun, and so clean and bare that all the sockets and joints were visible. Taking it up in my hands I examined minutely how the parts were framed and jointed, noticing especially the exquisite workmanship around the ear and the nostril. I tried hard to discover any difference between the workmanship of one side and the workmanship of the same parts on the other side, or any defect, or rudeness, and after long and close scrutiny I found nothing but the most perfect harmony and adaptation of part to part. It was clear to me now that infinite wisdom alone could construct such a piece of machinery, and that all the mechanics in the world could not make another in all respects like it, and if they could not frame the skeleton of a horse, and fit bone to bone, far less could they clothe it with veins, flesh and skin, and still less could they infuse breath into it and cause it to walk about. I concluded now with certainty that there is a God who is infinite in his power and wisdom, One who is the Creator of all and who reigns as He wills over all His works. And still further did I feel satisfied that this conclusion was right when I viewed man, so exalted above other creatures, endowed with reason, and capable of becoming acquainted with God and His works. Though from these and similar ways of reasoning I arrived at full certainty of the existence of God, I was still ignorant of the proper way to worship such a glorious being. For I now began to be troubled with doubts as to the divinity of Christ and the authority of the Scriptures, just as I had been formerly with Atheism, and thus, for a time, I lost in a manner the guidance of the Scriptures by rejecting their Divine origin. This temptation, I mean in regard to the divinity of Christ, fol-

lowed me and troubled me till *God revealed Himself to me in Christ*, which discovery alone vanquished for me these temptations and other temptations, likewise. But before this discovery came I went on in sin, openly and without shame, nay, glorying in my wickedness to such a degree that I assumed the sins of my companions. As for the Bible I never read it now. The books I read most were, "Gordon's Geographical Grammar" and the "History of the Kings of Scotland." I became now so impatient of rebuke that I could not bear a word in that way, because this stirred up my conscience and made me miserable and desperate. I fell on the wicked expedient, therefore, of wresting the Scriptures to justify my wicked deeds. Oh! the height of this desperate wickedness. "In which (Paul's letters) are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." 2 Peter iii. 16; Isa. v. 18-20.

It was about this time I met with one who was esteemed a learned man among his fellows, of whom I asked what he thought of the nature and duration of the sufferings of the wicked in the world to come. He said at once that there was no such a thing as *eternal damnation*, and tried to prove his statement with argument, dwelling chiefly on this, that such a thing was *contrary to the goodness of God*. "How could it agree," said he, "with God's goodness to torment poor creatures, especially the poor heathen that never heard of his mercy, through the long ages of eternity?" When I heard this new doctrine, clothed in such plausible words and fenced by such arguments, I was quite delighted, thinking now that I might have peace, for if hell was only for a season, then I could not be altogether without hope.

Oh the sweetness of such a doctrine to a miserable wretch who looked for nothing less than *eternal misery*. No sooner did I leave the company of this man than I began to preach to others my new discovery, and that with the very arguments with which I had heard it supported, but I could not get one to believe me, and no wonder, for, to tell the truth, I did not fully believe it myself. I could not persuade myself any further than this, that I wished it were true, but all my attempts at settling down in the belief were disturbed by these thoughts:—"There is a God, and He is a God of truth. This God has told me plainly in His word that the punishment of the wicked is eternal. It is only a man like myself that has asserted the contrary." And then I remembered the words, "Let God be true and every man a liar," and concluded, hence, that as for me my doom was certain. Finding it, therefore, impossible to get lasting comfort from this new doctrine, I began to cast about as to how I could bear eternal fire and dwell in everlasting burning, and how my poor weak back could sustain so long the burden of God's wrath. At one time I imagined that God would strengthen me to carry what His heavy hand had laid on me, and again, I concluded that I would do like other people—harden myself to endure my dolor. But these at the best were but sorrowful expedients, and I drove the thoughts from me.

There was one thing I found in myself that seemed strange, and that is, that I never could have full enjoyment in the society of very wicked men, for though I was extremely wicked I could not love wickedness in others, and often did I rebuke men for their drinking, swearing, and other sins. When things went against me I would once and again have enlisted in the army, only the thought of the wicked lives of these soldiers, and the prospect of being shut up for years with no other company, staggered me, as I still had a faint hope

that if I only kept myself out of such associations I would some day or other perhaps become a better man. This faint thought had not strength yet to assert itself so as, against my unbelief, to say "there is hope in Israel as to this thing," but at any rate it influenced me thus far that I imagined all chance of recovery would be lost did I enter the army, I having still at times some hope of salvation, wisely kept out of it.

Here was a thing that was very injurious to me at this stage, the loose lives, viz., of professors of religion and especially of ministers of the gospel. It was always a habit with me, when thrown into the company of ministers and church members, to watch sharply their words and actions, that I might know whether they lived consistently with their profession. And when I discovered their conversation to be frivolous, and about worldly subjects unbecoming men like them, then I concluded that they were only hypocrites, or else that there was no such thing as true religion, for I felt convinced these people did not truly believe what they pressed on others, or else they would live and act otherwise than they did. Hence I concluded that other people, at heart, were just as bad as myself, only less honest. I served the devil openly and crowned him my Trinity, showing without what I was within, but they professed outwardly to be the servants of God, whereas they were in secret like me, the servants of the devil.*

*Born in 1716 and dying in 1768, Dugald Buchanan's life happened on the darkest time of that dark century that is called the "dark age" of the Church of Scotland. "Over vast tracts of the country a cold, semi-sceptical moderatism held undisturbed sway, while the evangelism which here and there nominally held its ground was seldom of that strong fervour and high-toned type with which happily we are now so familiar. Error spoke aloud with clear and unflinching tongue on the high places of the land; while truth, scorned and downtrodden, uttered its voice with stammering and muffled accents." The leading clergymen of the Church of Scotland were

Thus did I learn lessons which have been useful to me since. 1. Then I learned the need that Christians should adopt the resolution of the Psalmist (Psalm xxxix. 1) "I said I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." It is proper that we should combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, and so walk that our good be not evil spoken of, for many watch for our failings that they may get occasion to speak against religion. 2. Then I learned that there is much need that Christians should lay this precept to heart (Col. iv. 5, 6), "Walk in wisdom toward those that are without, redeeming the time. Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." Ministers and members should remember that their example is what people look at, and if the salt lose its savour where-with shall it be salted, if the light that is in the world be darkness how great must the darkness be. Solomon says (Eccles. x. 1) "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Bad example from professing Christians makes the weak believer stumble, it hardens the hearts of transgressors, and brings disrepute on the ways of God. "Thou hast caused the enemies of God to blaspheme" (2 Sam. xii. 14.) All these things I learned from sorrowful experience.

then intimate with Hume, who complimented them by saying that he knew no church so favorable to Deism as the Scotch Church; they patronized card parties and the dross, and frowned on prayer meetings and missionary societies, justifying the satire:—

"Hid close in the green-room some clergymen lay—
Good actors themselves, their whole lives a play."—Translator.

Christian Work.

MISS MACPHERSON IN CANADA.—It is Christ-like to go out into the slums and lanes of London in search of boys and girls who have none to care for body or soul, and to give them food, clothing, education, and a knowledge of the plan of salvation, and send them across the great Atlantic to us here in Canada, that we may follow up the good work begun on the other side. A great leap surely from the fogs of London to the snow of Canada for Miss MacPherson, who thus writes :

"My very dear sister,—Could you but see me this morning, started on my peregrinations in these snowy regions, you would be amazed. The poor worn head perfectly well, after a whole week in the quiet, restful Home at Knowlton, looking on at children being trained, sewing-meetings and Bible readings being held, farmers being conversed with, and holding up the hands of my two companions, who went forth to address Sunday schools or preach the gospel.

Yesterday morning, fancy me starting, fixed up in my delightful warm fur cloak, and many other ingenious devices to defy the cold, wintry blast, a ride of eighteen miles, Mrs. F—— my companion, and J. J. W—— the driver of our sleigh. During the journey we stopped twice. The first time we met with one of our once poor, pale-faced rescues, Katie D—. What a change, now happy and useful, compared to the time when we sheltered her from the dreaded return of her drunken father from prison !

As the night closed in, the cold caused us to hasten to our journey's end as quickly as the strength of our Home horse would admit of. But cheery was it to be told by our friend, as we passed one farmhouse after another, "We have a boy here and a girl there doing well." Sometimes it would be, "We have had

to move a boy ; his temper did not suit ; but since he has been back to the Home, and placed out again with a firmer master, he is doing much better." A very hearty Canadian welcome awaited us. Ushered into a warm room, our wraps taken off, and soon we were seated enjoying a "high" tea. It snowed all night, and drifted in at every crevice of our bedroom window.

Snow fell all day, and to my idea it seemed improbable for many to gather for a meeting. The village street was enlivened all day by the constant passing of the sleighs, with merry jingle of bells. It was indeed a new scene to witness the gathering of a meeting to hear of the orphan and destitute children, whose cause we had come to plead, and contradict a report which had gone forth in their district, that it was a mass of jail-birds we had brought from England.

As we arrived, a farmer kindly offered to broom the snow from our feet—a process all seemed prepared to do for each other. Then, in a good-sized hall, about fifty of all ages gathered around an immense stove—ministers, doctors, and farmers, with their belongings. Chairs in front of the stove were set for the minister and myself.

After singing "Rock of Ages," etc., and prayer, it was so like a family, that it became easy just to tell real story after story as to how we find the children, where the means come from, and what is required of those who receive them.

The minister, having heard of the work, had gone to the Home and received little Bessie, aged ten. She came up and gave me a hearty kiss, and then, so childlike, showed me her new winter garments. Now who was Bessie ? The child of a surgeon who had ruined his family by intemperance. The mother, a teacher in a ladies' school in

Germany, earning her bread, after a long and heavy struggle. Bessie is being loved and educated in everything to make her a useful woman.

Next morning we started for visits to several children. Found the first child gone to school. We saw her looking well as we passed the school-house, and called her out. All we saw that day filled our hearts with deepest thankfulness. The meeting in the evening was held in the Congregational Church, well warmed and lighted, and a most intelligent-looking gathering. Ere long I espied one of the orphan lads, and called him to me, knowing that seeing one such would be worth all I could say as far as endorsing the work. He was a bright, intellectual looking youth of fourteen, who in a most manly way answered me a few questions. It is in this way we are securing the prayers of God's dear children, and, we trust, opening many a heart and home for those who may yet come forth from the dens of sin and iniquity of our great cities."

CONFERENCE OF WORKERS AT MILDMAY PARK, LONDON.—We have been looking forward with deep interest to the meeting of this conference. We can only give an outline of the proceedings. We wish it were in our power to give a portion of the opening address of the Rev'd John Thain Davidson, an associate of our younger days, and a fellow student in the Edinburgh University, who is now an influential minister in London.

The first quarterly meeting, says the *London Christian*, as was announced in our last, was held on Saturday at Mildmay Park. The preliminary meeting for prayer at three was numerously attended, and, no doubt, the blessing realized in the evening meeting was due to this, as well as the prayer which has preceded it for many weeks. We express a thankful conviction that the object of the meeting was carried out,

its purpose was steadily kept in view, and through the dependence of faith, God's people obtained that which they desired of Him. It was a stirring sight to see the body of the large hall completely filled as well as a portion of the gallery, with believers confessedly yielded up to God and his work, and met together with the desire to learn better how to do it. Not "a man" (James i. 5), but a thousand men lacking wisdom, and asking it of God. Will he give us a stone? No, but *the thing we lack, shall be given us liberally and without upbraiding.*

Mr. Blackwood presided, and after a pause for silent prayer, opened with a few words of exhortation as to the object of the meeting. The subject proposed was, "What are the existing hindrances to success in Christian work?" and he reminded the meeting that it was not for the forwarding of any particular man's work, but for the forwarding of God's work, and for counsel out of *The Book*, that we were assembled. It was indeed a "solemn assembly," and one that should be, and would be, rich in results.

The Rev. Thain Davidson then gave the opening address, which was of considerable length, and of deep interest.

The Rev. T. Richardson spoke on the *nature* of the work, and read Jer. i. 9, where the prophet is sent "to root out, to pull down, to destroy," and then "to build, and to plant." This is the work, but some say, "Who is to do it? I can't." Mr. Richardson here read a letter from a young man, who had asked how he should begin to work for God, which we give, because it shows God's way of making a worker.

"I write to you now with a heart overflowing with amazement and thankfulness to Almighty God for the wonderful service we had yesterday evening in the girls' schoolroom for the children. We had about 213 children; and an after meeting, to which upwards of 50 stayed. And the extraordinary atten-

tion and stillness that pervaded the room for two whole hours, was something absolutely incredible. One could feel the influence of the Holy Spirit at work in the room, as if his very visible presence had been there. Oh! it was wonderful beyond all my power of description. All the workers in the room, about a dozen, exclaimed after it was over, that it was the most wonderful result they had ever heard of.

" "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"We found their desire to remain so great that we have determined to fix the hour at 6.0 p. m. instead of 6.30, so that the little ones may not be kept out of bed after 8.0. The stillness and attention of these little wee things, three and four years of age, was something I shall never forget to the last hour of my existence. And you can see it is no power of influence I possess, for I have never had the slightest experience in this kind of work. This is the first service I have ever held; and I was so nervous at the commencement that I broke down in the opening prayer, I couldn't get a word out, my feelings choked my utterance, and I couldn't think what I was saying. But I thank God for this, lest the devil should take occasion to lead me to believe that it was my own power and ability that produced such a marvellous result. But it was your prayers that ascended, together with our workers' prayers, to the throne of the heavenly grace. And so we had an abundant shower of the grace of the Holy Spirit."

Rev. W. Booth said: It seems to me that often the people of God almost make up their minds not to succeed in his work; amongst men the principle obtains, that all rightly-directed labour is productive of result. Is it not true that all the Lord's people have certain periods of depression and downcasting, a sort of spiritual November or December; but rest assured of this, God will let us see just as much success as we can

bear, and no more; and yet, success in this solemn work of winning souls should rather depress than exalt, by reason of the thousands that are dying around. Jesus looked for results, for "He began to upbraid the cities because of their unbelief." The only time we can look for results is *now*; there is a false notion abroad that people must be educated, instructed into Christianity; it is false, they must be saved, and saved then and there; we must first go to God for them, and then go to them for God. The man who means to win souls will be the one to use the most appropriate means. He will say, "I failed of result last night, I must go to God again." "I can win souls," each one may say, "not many, perhaps, but *some*."

Mr. Pearsall Smith then gave some particulars of God's work in Derby. Mr. Sholto Douglas had had faith for Derby, and had added to his faith virtue, courage; and the result was a most blessed work of God in that place. A week of special service had been going on there, when every class had been remembered, cabmen, factory-girls, tavern-keepers, etc. All Saints' Church had been so crowded, that he could only compare it to a beehive, where the bees are swarming. The overflow of one meeting adjourned into the Corn Exchange, and numbered 2000. The publicans complained that their work was gone; the whole town was permeated by this influence of the Spirit; oh, if we could add to our faith, virtue, courage, we might have Derby all over England.

The Rev. J. H. Wilson dwelt on the importance of all existing agencies being under the rule and reign of the Holy Ghost. It is his prerogative to turn our water into wine. He had for many years been an upholder of the Temperance cause, but he found that it was at best but a rolling away the stone. Our agencies are as water, our total abstinence is water, but by the vivifying

power of the Holy Spirit they may become the wine that cheers both God and man. The enemy is coming in like a flood, but with David's stone we can slay him. It is in as good condition now as in His time; but we must get a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Church is a family, but it must fight. It is a light, but light is for dark places. Israel kept their tribal divisions in camp, but when they struck their camp they were all under one banner of blue.

Dr. Barnardo followed, and taking up a point in Mr. Davidson's address, saying that his statement, that the greatest hindrance to the success of God's work lay not so much in the agencies as the agents, had received unconscious and indisputable testimony to its truth from the fact that, with no collusion, there had been such testimony to personal failure. He felt the great need that workers for Christ should be characterized by self-denial, self-sacrifice. This would embrace much that has been spoken of, and much that was not, if "our all" were "on the altar." He dwelt with much earnestness on the words in the narrative of Lot's escape from Sodom. He seemed as one that mocked. These words had stood out on the page to him, written in letters of light, as revealing one hindrance to the success of God's work—*failure at home*. Lot had brought his family to the place from which he now warned them to flee, and his present connections were such as rendered it impossible for them to believe. Oh, how true a picture! The professing church is now in a spiritual Sodom; and if we would be Abrahams, and not Lots, we must be content with our tent and our altar; then will God give us the freshest, sweetest showers and dews of blessing at home.

Rev. John Matheson spoke briefly on the need of continuing in prayer, that the present meeting might have not only present but future results, reminding Christians that Revivals were not "got up," but "brought down;" hence the

need of waiting on God. He closed the meeting with prayer, after which the congregation sung with touching effect, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

We were much impressed with the fact that the meeting was "of God," the diverse elements were not diverse, all spoke "the same thing," and seemed "perfectly joined together in one mind;" the metal seemed to have been tempered by the great Moulder into a malleable, softened state, on which the Spirit of God could work. There was no egotism, no special pleading, no individual interests, and no uppishness of the flesh, though liberty of speech was accorded to the whole meeting. The next conference is proposed to be held at Mr. Varley's Tabernacle. May God work in all the beloved workers present last week "all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power," that if spared to gather again it may be with a conscious growth in grace and usefulness.

THE AWAKENING IN EDINBURGH.—

In an editorial on "Time to Awake" in the first number of our Monthly, there occurs this statement:—

"In some strange mysterious way that 'morning watch-bell' is now on the ear of Christians, ringing up the Church to yet another struggle, ere the salvation,—that has been drawing nearer and nearer since the days of Paul—is fully achieved. Otherwise, what means in the Protestant Churches, this increase of brotherly love, striving slowly after union: this universal stir to preach the gospel to the poor, the missions to the heathen and to the outcasts of the large cities of the world: 'what means the breaking down of the barriers,' as was remarked by an English Divine, 'of ecclesiastical formalities, this starting up of lay evangelists in the north, and of clerical irregularities in the south, this opening of our abbeys, churches and cathedrals for the preaching of the Word of God to the masses, this entrance of the gospel into places of trade and amusement, the gradual removal of the distinction between things sacred and secular—when the sacred are not becoming secular, but the secular are! . . . It is the midnight cry, Behold the bridegroom cometh.' A new era is struggling in the birth. Christ is moving to re-organize

the world.' The Evangelical churches of the world are on the eve of a great awakening. The flesh of the sleeper is waxing warm, as in His wrestling for its revival, our blessed Lord is praying for His Church and in His providences and ordinances 'putting His mouth upon its mouth, His eyes upon its eyes, and His hands upon its hands.'

In penning these words, we did not think that the time was so near when they would receive the confirmation they now receive in the recent awakening in the city of Edinburgh. There are few cities, from its genteel tendencies and its intellectual cast, more difficult to rouse into religious excitement than the modern Athens. That work has now been accomplished, and there is now abroad in that city and among its higher class, a religious earnestness that has not been equalled since the days of Whitefield, and which bids fair to extend till all Scotland is moved, and by it, we trust, other lands. The secular press describes the movement in very respectful terms; but we prefer to give the reader an account of it from the pen of Dr. Andrew Thomson, for nearly 30 years a leading minister in the city:

"There is nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaims. It is the old gospel—old, yet always fresh and young too, as the living fountain or the morning sun—in which the substitution of Christ is placed in the centre and presented with admirable distinctness and decision. It is spoken with most impressive directness, not as by a man half convinced and who seems always to feel that a sceptic is looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he says, as if, like our own Andrew Fuller, he could 'venture his eternity on it,' and with a tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that 'if he did not speak the very stones would cry out.'

"I wish once more to call attention to one essential feature in the action of these good men—the daily noonday meeting for prayer. It began some

weeks ago in an upper room in Queen-street Hall. That was filled after a few days. Next it was transferred to Queen-street Hall, which is capable of holding 1200 persons. It was not long ere this became overcrowded, and now there are full meetings every day in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of holding some hundreds more. It is a fact with meaning in it, that simultaneously with the increase in the noon-day meeting for prayer has been the increase in attendance at Broughton-place Church at the evening addresses, and also in the number of inquirers afterwards. Before the end of last week every inch of standing ground in our large place of worship was occupied with eager listeners, and hundreds were obliged to depart without being able to obtain so much as a sight of the speaker. The number of inquirers gradually rose from fifty to a hundred per night, and on Monday evening this week, when the awakened and those who professed to have undergone the 'great change' were gathered together in our church hall, to be addressed by Mr. Moody, no other persons being admitted, there were nearly 300 persons present, and even these were only a part of the fruits of one week. I wish to give prominence to the statement that the persons who conversed with the perplexed and inquiring, were ministers, elders, and deacons, and qualified private members of our various churches; and also Christian matrons and Bible-women, as far as their valuable services could be secured.

"And now, at the close of the week of special services at Broughton-place Church, I wish to repeat the statement in your paper which I made on Monday in the Assembly Hall, that there is no week in my lengthened ministry upon which I look back with such grateful joy. I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my

memory. When Howe was chaplain to Cromwell at Whitehall, he became weary of the turmoil and pomp of the palace, and wrote to his "dear and honoured brother," Richard Baxter, telling him how much he longed to be back again to his beloved work at Torrington. 'I have devoted myself,' he said, 'to serve God in the work of the ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cryings and complaints who have come to me under conviction? I have shared with many beloved brethren during the past week in this sacred pleasure, and it is like eating of angels' bread first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more, to hear at length the utterances of the joy of reconciliation and peace!'

"I was much struck by the variety among the inquirers. There were present from the old man of seventy-five to the youth of eleven, soldiers from the Castle, students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the sceptical, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; and in how many instances were the wounded healed, and the burdened released?"

"It may be encouraging to Christian parents and teachers to be told that very much of this marvellous blessing, when once begun in a house, has spread through the whole family, and those who already had the knowledge of divine truth in their minds by early Christian education formed by far the largest proportion of the converts. The seed was there sleeping in the soil, which the influence from above quickened into life.

"There was a considerable number of sceptics among the inquirers, but their speculative doubts and difficulties very soon became of no account when they came to have a proper view of their sins. Some have already come to tell me of their renunciation of unbelief, and of their discipleship to Christ. One has publicly announced that he can no longer live in the ice-house of

cold negations, and has asked Mr. Moody to publish the address which brought light to his heart, and to circulate it far and wide over the land.

"I witnessed no excesses in the inquiry-rooms, but there was often deep and melting solemnity, sometimes the sob of sorrow, and the whispered prayer of contrition or gratitude. There must, however, occur at times imprudent things and excesses in connection with even the best works that have imperfect, though good, men employed about them. But cold criticism that is in search of faults, or ultra-prudence that attempts nothing, for fear of making mistakes, is not the temper in which to regard such events. I would not dare to take either of these positions, 'lest haply I should be found to be fighting against God.'

"I have already expressed my high appreciation of Mr. Moody's manner of addressing. If some think that it wants the polished elegance of certain of our home orators, it has qualities that are far more valuable; and even were it otherwise, the great thing is to have the gospel of the grace of God clearly and earnestly preached to the multitudes, who are crowding every night to listen to him. When the year of jubilee came in ancient time among the Jews, I suspect the weary bond-slave or the poor debtor cared little whether it was proclaimed to him with silver trumpets or with rams' horns, if he could only be assured that he was free.— I am, etc.,

ANDREW THOMSON.

*Edinburgh, 63, Northumberland-st.,
Dec. 3, 1873.*

A FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND.—In one of the Cantons of Switzerland there is a battle going on which is typical, we suppose, of others of the same kind that must be fought in Europe before long.

The facts of the case are simply these. On the 21st of May last, the Govern-

ment of the canton of Neuchâtel passed an Act the object of which was to turn the Church into a purely civil and political society. Its Supreme Court was deprived of all judicial authority, so that, for example, the Synod was to have no right to find fault with any minister, whatever he chose to preach. Then the Theological Faculty was declared to be simply a department of the University, like that of law or medicine, and the nomination of professors was to be left exclusively to the Council of State. The only thing which was sacredly conserved was what is called the "liberty of conscience" of the clergy. No laws were to be imposed on them. If they brought to begin with a testimonial setting forth that they had studied in some recognized seat of learning, they were to be held as eligible for a charge. They might if they liked tell the people whose suffrages they sought what their creed was, and they might at the same time even voluntarily sign articles of faith in their presence, binding themselves to teach these and these only. But the State, with a jealousy of the rights of conscience worthy of a better cause, was careful to provide for the contingency that a man might in the course of a year or two change his mind; and in effect enacted that not only was no minister required in general to hold the doctrine of the divinity of CHRIST, but that if he did happen to have his views of that doctrine altered in the course of his pastorate, he was not obliged to hold back his new opinions, even although he had at his settlement formally engaged to teach only the opposite of them.

A measure of that kind could not of course be universally acceptable. Numerous protests were lodged against it, and an appeal made to the Federal Council of Berne. These could not be altogether disregarded, and the Supreme Court of the nation ordered a plebiscite. That was taken on the 13th September last, with this result, that the action of

the Council of the canton was sustained by the people. The majority was not great—only sixteen—but it was decisive, and for the Evangelicals within the State Church there remained thereafter only one alternative, either to accept an Establishment which had become fatally vitiated, or to go out and form a Free Church on an independent basis. They adopted the latter course. On the 23d of September four hundred and six delegates from all the parishes of the canton met at Neuchâtel to consider what was to be done, and all present, with the exception of two, voted for disruption. Since then the new Church has formally taken shape, and it is a striking circumstance that three-fourths of the clergy have joined it, along with all the theological professors, all the probationers, all the divinity students, and a decided majority of the church-going people. It is also added that the class of persons who have seceded are so well to do, and are possessed by such a liberal spirit, that they need ask no pecuniary aid whatever from abroad, but they do seek, and are entitled to expect, the sympathy and countenance of all in this and other countries who, on the one hand, believe in a supernatural religion, and who, on the other, are persuaded that, if a Church is worth sustaining at all in the world, it must be left free to regulate its own affairs in submission to the revealed Word of God. Such countenance is all the more required because of the conditions of evangelical Church life in Switzerland. The tyranny of a mob is in all respects as bad as the tyranny of an individual despot; and there are some respects in which it is worse because more dangerous. You can be on your guard against one man. His mind can in general be ascertained, and his movements watched, but when the mass of the people are hostile to you, you are enwrapped as in an evil atmosphere, and you can never tell when or how the disintegrating influence will work.

PROGRESS OF THE TRUTH IN ROME.—Father Grassi, for thirty-six years, performed successively the duties of priest, confessor, curate, mitred abbot, Lent preacher, and lastly incumbent of the great Basilica, Santo Maria Maggiore. He has published a very able letter to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, explaining the grounds of his secession from the Papal Church, and advocating the doctrine of justification by faith. His life has been menaced by poison and the stiletto, and attempts have been made to entrap him within the walls of the Inquisition. The Rev. W. C. Van Meter writes that, against the advice of the Government, he went to the "Holy Office," attended by three friends, who were, however, not admitted to the room, where for an hour he stood face to face with the inquisitors, whom he thus addressed: "Oh, you Inquisitors, Pontiffs, Cardinals, and Prelates, God speaks to you! To what have you brought the true Church! She that was so pure, so beautiful, so glorious, you have betrayed, violated, despoiled, wounded, and crucified by your doctrines, superstitions, and immorality, and sealed her tomb by your blasphemous dogmas of infallibility. . . . But the breath of God has forever extinguished the fires of the Inquisition and swept away your power; therefore I stand before you to-day and declare these truths, while you dare not touch a hair of my head." After this bold language, he was allowed to return to his friends, and has since preached more than once at the Protestant Vatican Mission. Mr. Van Meter describes a touching farewell which Father Grassi had with his associates, six of whom are now inquirers into the truths of Protestantism. Several other priests have also sought instruction from Mr. Wall, and on a recent Sunday the superior of a convent sent to him for tracts and Scriptures to distribute among the inmates. The work of evangelization appears to be progressing in Rome. The story of

Father Grassi's conversion, as detailed in his letter to the Cardinal Vicar, and a number of interesting facts and incidents connected with his recantation, are published in a little pamphlet, entitled "The Canon and the Cardinal" (London: Elliot Stock).

HELEN'S STORY.—The following was written by Helen De Witt, a beggar-girl of the Smyrna school, to a band of ladies at Utica, New York:—

"I was a poor little street girl, with no recollection of a mother, but with a father almost blind, who, seated on a little donkey, begged his bread from door to door. At night we both slept, with our donkey, in a small stable, on some coarse sacking spread upon the ground. By day I was miserable enough; for my father, locking the stable-door, to save the donkey's fodder from being stolen, started off early every morning, leaving me to wander in the streets until evening.

"Sometimes a kind matron, through pity, would give me some food, but far oftener I went hungry till night, waiting for my poor father to return and bring me something to eat. Many and many a time I have been tempted to steal from the grocer's shop, which I now know to be wrong, but in this I rarely succeeded, not being very expert. Now, thank God, I have everything—cooked food, good clothes, a clean bed, a pretty doll that I love ever so much, and many other things.

"I thank you very much, dear ladies, for these, and I kiss your hands. I study the Bible every day. I know that the Saviour loves good children, and I am trying to be good to please Him. We all pray for our dear friends in America every day. I belong to the second class, and am studying geography, grammar, arithmetic, and also learning to sew, to crotchet, &c. I hope you have already received the specimen of my crotchet-work sent by my teachers some time ago.

"On my way to our chapel, neatly and decently dressed, I often meet those who knew me in my former wretched condition. They have repeatedly stopped and, gazing at me, have exclaimed, 'Whoever has brought you up to your present state of well-being has, with his own hands, prepared himself a seat in heaven!'"

"'A seat in heaven,' we reply, 'is prepared only by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, not by any good works of ours.' And this, dear ladies, has been said to me not once, but again and again when I have met old acquaintances.

"We are all very happy in this Home. The day scholars are about seventy in number, while the orphans count eight. We love each other, and we know that Jesus loves us, inasmuch that He shed His precious blood for us. And we love you, our dear friends in America. Oh, how I should like to see you and kiss your hands!"

WORK IN JERUSALEM.—The Arab Jews of Jerusalem often express their intense hatred to the Missionary who makes known the Gospel to them. With serious, angry looks, or with a cool, ironical expression of the face, they will say: "We are the very descendants of those men who killed the prophet Zachariah and crucified your Messiah; and if we could, we would treat you in the same way!"

There is a youth from Tetuan who has a shop in the Jewish quarter, who, whenever he saw the Missionary, Mr. J. N. Coral, coming, made it a rule to get up, and cry in so loud a voice as to be heard from one end of the street to the other, "Brethren, be ready, for here comes the plague of the Jews!"

No sooner was the warning given, than all the others rose, and a deafening noise ensued. Some came up to him, cursing and using most deprecatory words against our blessed Lord; others very often tried to lay hands on

the Missionary, and he had sometimes very narrow escapes. He generally waited until the first excitement was over, and then went right to the shop of the young warrior, whom the Jews had nick-named Pimienta, or Pepper, on account of his fiery temper. One day, after such treatment, Pimienta brought Mr. Coral two pages of the New Testament, containing the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, which he had found in the street. Having seated himself, he read them aloud before the rest. When he had finished reading, he asked him, "Do you believe in a resurrection and a recompensation of good and evil deeds after death?"

"Of course we do," he replied, "or we would not preach a Messiah to you."

"Then," said Pimienta, "I have long had the desire to read the New Testament, and to see what new law the Messiah gave you."

Having made him promise that he would peruse, and not tear it, Mr. Coral gave him one.

Since that day a visible change has come over this young man; the Holy Spirit is doing His work within him. He despises the Missionary no more, and uses no base language when he mentions the Messiah. On the contrary, he is glad to see Mr. Coral, and always has something or other to ask concerning what he has read and does not understand. His present conduct has also affected his companions, and they too are no more so hard-hearted as before, and come to listen to their conversation. The great change in their friend, occasioned by the reading of God's Word, has so struck them, that on several occasions they have not been able to refrain from saying, "What is the matter with you, Pimienta? You were always the first and foremost to resist this man, but ever since you read in the New Testament, you are quite changed. It must be true that this book possesses a bewitching power, and

we fear greatly that it has begun to exercise its influence over you, and you will end by becoming a Protestant!"

This is another of the many instances of the power of God's Holy Word on the heart of the Jew in Jerusalem.

A SIKH INQUIRER IN INDIA.—I had an encouraging visit, writes Rev. John Newton, Lodianna, this afternoon from a young Sikh, son of a Punjab nobleman. He was announced just as I was preparing to go to the bazaar to preach. I used sometimes to feel a little annoyed to have my preaching plans thus broken up by visitors; and I have sometimes thought it a duty to put them off. But I am inclined now to think differently. Dr. Chalmers once said "The man that wants to see me, is the man I want to see." So if a heathen comes to me just when I am going out to preach to the heathen, I assume that he is the person God would have me preach to. At least it may be so; and if it is, I shall probably have a better audience at home than I should have in the bazaar.

So I reasoned when C—S— was announced, and accordingly I invited him into my study. He was scarcely seated when the Rev. Mr. D— was announced. He also was brought into the study. He had come to see a young lady who was lying in our house very ill. We talked of her case, and I told him how happy she was in the love of Christ. After his departure, I asked C—S— how he would feel in the near prospect of death; would he be afraid? He said he would be afraid.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am imperfect," he said.

"That is because you know yourself to be a sinner; and you know that after death comes the judgment."

"Yes," he said; "it is that."

"It is no wonder that you should be afraid to die, so long as you are burdened with a sense of sin. But such is not the experience of all men. I was myself very ill last summer, and I thought

it probable that I should not live many days. Yet I had no fear of death. I did not wish to live. The thought of dying was very pleasant to me; because I knew that Christ had paid the penalty of my sins, and that God therefore no longer held me responsible for them. I felt sure that for Christ's sake my sins had all been forgiven, and that if I died I should soon be in the presence of my Lord; and to see, face to face, that divine Saviour who had loved me and given Himself for me, and to remain with Him for ever, and for ever to behold His glory, and to abide in His love, this was a thing I could only long for; and with such a prospect before me, how could I shrink from death?"

I then asked him if he had ever known a Hindoo to welcome death, except such as might have been subjected to great sufferings in this world—suffering from which death might be thought to be a happy escape.

He said he had known Hindoos who, having been devout according to the requirements of their religion, were willing to die; but he had never known any who rejoiced in the prospect of death; for they were always in more or less uncertainty about the future.

I then dwelt upon the fact that none were without sin—that in fact the whole race of man was guilty of one grand sin—the sin of rebellion against God; all the sins of which men commonly take cognizance being nothing more than outward signs of the inward corruption—the enmity of the heart against God; and I urged the necessity of his repenting and obtaining forgiveness; yes, and of his knowing that God had forgiven him. He must by all means make his salvation sure. He had read the Bible, and knew what salvation meant; and he knew something of the way. He said he was in the habit of praying every day, and of taking the name of Christ; and he was trying to lead a holy life.

"But," I said, "what you want is the

pardon of sin, and reconciliation with God. You need to believe in Christ, not only as a Saviour, but as *your* Saviour; and that you can pray in his name with the certainty of being accepted. Without such appropriating faith in Christ, your prayers will bring no blessing, and your efforts to lead a holy life will be in vain."

He then asked, "Did you ever speak to my brother R—— S—— in this way?"

I said I had spoken to him, but not perhaps in this way.

He remarked that he was always glad to have any one speak to him about the welfare of his soul; and he added, that he wanted his brothers, as well as himself, to live lives of godliness; though he didn't want them to be altogether *Christians*.

I told him that without Christ they could do nothing, for before godliness there must be spiritual life, and that life was in Christ.

Something like this was the conversation we had; only there was a great deal more. It was now growing dark, and he asked me on going away, what was the most convenient times for me to see him. He wears a very serious air and I hope before long to see him again.

He is a student in the Government College, and about twenty years of age.

HOW A NATIVE CHINESE MISSIONARY DIVIDES HIS TEXT.—"It was a touching sight," writes Mr. Taylor, "on that stormy and snowy day, to see the little company assembled for *such* a purpose, and to hear *these* lips—all of which had doubtless often been used in 'vain repetitions'—now pleading with the living and true God, that 'His Name might become great among the heathen,' even as it had been made precious to themselves. One felt that in them the Lord Jesus saw His seed, something 'of the travail of his soul,' and was 'satisfied.' After spending some time in prayer, they sang a translation of the hymn so

expressive of their new responsibilities and desires—

'From Greenland's icy mountains.'

Then *Tsiu Sin-sang* read the second chapter of Acts, leading them to think of the mighty results which came out of that feeble beginning, and encouraging them not to 'despise the day of small things.' He afterwards sought to press home their privilege of spreading that Gospel which had brought them salvation, by suggesting the following four points for remembrance:—

"I.—Having received so much grace ourselves, we should gladly minister to others, according to the Master's Word, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

"II.—Our giving should be according to what we possess. He who sees the motive, cares for that rather than the amount that may be given. Hence the preciousness to Him of the widow's mites.

"III.—We shall not be losers by what we give, for God is able to prosper us more and more, according as we are good stewards of what He has already entrusted to us.

"IV.—All that we give we put into safe keeping, for we 'provide ourselves bags which wax not old,' and it becomes a 'treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.'

"After singing the hymn commencing—

'Glory, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the Cross,'

Ah-tsih read the parable of 'the good Samaritan,' seeking to apply the question, 'Who is my neighbour?'

"Mr. Williamson, who was staying in Hanchow at the time, gave them a few encouraging words, and sought to stimulate their sympathy for their perishing brethren, and to urge them over to seek to manifest it in a practical form. After further prayer and praise, they took together a simple meal, which had been kindly provided by some of the native brethren. It was found that

the poor but precious and believing ones had contributed some 30,000 cash, about twenty-four dollars (of course quite independently of their ordinary contributions for local purposes), during

the past year for the dissemination of the Gospel, and to this amount three dollars more were added before the meeting closed."

Practical Papers.

THE CHRISTIAN A BLESSING.

By J. J. HINDLAY, OWEN SOUND.

We are told that the shock which buried Lisbon in 1755, never ceased to vibrate until it reached the wilds of Scotland and the vineyards of Madeira—that it was even felt amid the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and actually changed the level of lakes in the Northern Alps. Now, the power which could produce this must have been immense; still it is nothing when compared to the power intrusted to the Christian Church. The shock which Satan's kingdom sustained when Christianity was hurled against it was mightier far than that caused by the earthquake just mentioned. That shock is still vibrating, and will not cease to vibrate until the whole world is shaken, and the powers of darkness everywhere overthrown.

In this gigantic work God makes use of the human agent, the Christian Church. Armed with the Bible, and aided by the Spirit, she is to go forward and preach the gospel to every creature. As God said to Abraham, Gen. xii. 2, "I will bless thee. . . . and thou shalt be a blessing;" so He says to His Church. He pours out His Spirit upon her, instils life into her, and sends her forth to the great and important work.

The Church, the individual Christian, must first be blessed of God, by having his heart renewed, and enkindled with Divine love, ere he can go forth to a successful warfare with his numerous enemies. The disciples had to tarry at Jerusalem till the "power from on high was given them." And Paul must

first have the blessing of conversion, ere he was fitted for his Master's work.

The agents God has ever used most largely have been those individuals upon whom He has first poured His rich blessings. Such men as Luther, Knox, Whitfield, Bunyan, Howard, and a host of others, first were individually blessed, and then became a blessing.

Some may ask, To whom is the Christian a blessing? Is he a blessing to all, or only a few? We believe he is a blessing to all with whom he comes into contact, either directly or indirectly. It is true all do not obtain an equal share of the blessing, yet all enjoy a certain portion. The worldling may sneer at the Christian, but he forgets that the Christian is a blessing to him in many ways. Ten righteous persons would have saved Sodom from destruction, and may we not justly suppose, that God still frequently spares the wicked because of the presence and prayers of the righteous? The Christian is called "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world." Do not these figures convey the idea, that he is the source of great blessings, even to the ungodly? Christ said He did not pray for the disciples to be taken out of the world, and the reason was plain, they had a most important work to do in the world; in short, were to be the bearers of tidings which should prove to the world its richest blessings.

Imagine the consequence which would ensue, supposing all God's people were suddenly removed from the earth. There would be no preaching, no Sabbath-schools, no Bible or tract soci-

eties, no missionaries, no missionary societies, no asylum for the insane, the sick or the poor (for these are institutions found only in Christian countries, or at least, are the fruits of Christianity), no advancement in civilization or jurisprudence—no progress in the arts and sciences. A vile literature would soon spread itself over what are now termed Christian countries—the drink traffic would rapidly increase—evils of every kind would multiply, and the uncurbed passions of men would burst forth in deeds of lawless violence—the price of property would be greatly reduced, and a state of things would soon exist, easier to be imagined than described. If we contrast the state of affairs in Christian and heathen countries, we shall see there is good ground for what has been said. The man of the world forgets that he owes all his privileges, even those of a temporal nature, to the Bible, and the influence it has brought to bear upon man, changing his natural disposition, and uniting him in a living, loving, united organization, called the Christian Church. Wherever the Bible has been carried, Christians have carried it, and wherever we find railroads, tele-

graphs, the highest state of civilization, together with all the privileges enjoyed in countries, nominally Christian, we may trace them all to the lives and labours of good men.

Infidels have been known to support missions on no higher grounds, than that they enhanced the value of property; and even though no better motive inspired them, it was policy in them to give to missions on this account.

The Christian is not only a blessing to the generation in which he lives, but to generations yet unborn. His influence will be felt long after he has gone to his rest. Who can estimate the value, not only to her children, but to the world, for whom these children are educated, a Christian mother is? But the Christian's influence is not confined to his own family. He is a *living epistle known and read of all men*.

How this thought should inspire the child of God to a higher and better life, and to a more earnest labour in the Master's vineyard. God has blessed him, and he is to be a blessing—a blessing to man in time, and a blessing whose influence will be felt while the years of eternity roll.

Christian Travellers.

MEMORIES OF PALESTINE.

By THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

JOPPA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

(Continued.)

In being rowed ashore we saw plainly how difficult and dangerous this port, guarded by a reef of rocks with only these two openings, through which Solomon floated his rafts, would be in stormy weather, and we could realize the scene Lamartine witnessed there as he was leaving the coast. "We could hear," he writes, "the cries of the sailors of some ships that were convey-

ing poor Greek pilgrims to Jerusalem. These small ships, some of them laden with 200 or 300 women and children, when they felt the storm, tried hard to get under sail and flee the coast. Some of them passed near our ship, and we could see the women stretching out their hands towards us, but the immense waves soon hid them, and they appeared again at some distance. A few succeeded in clearing the coast and getting out to sea, but two were dashed on the rocks on the coast of Gaza. Our anchor gave way and we were being carried towards the reef that guards the inner harbour when the captain dropped an-

other anchor just in time. The wind moderated a little: it then turned in our favour, and we fled in a dark, tempestuous night to the gulf of Damietta." From these facts, it can be at once seen that Joppa can never, except at great cost, become a safe harbour for the rising commerce of Palestine: Palestine's port, when it needs one, lies in the bay of Acre, at Haifa, sixty miles due north.

There are few better illustrations of the proverb, that "distance lends enchantment to the view" than eastern towns and cities. What sight is more enchanting than Constantinople seen from the deck of the steamer lying in the Bosphorus: what sight more disgusting than the same city seen from its own streets? It is the same with Joppa. It looked very pretty sitting on its rock and surrounded with its orange groves: but it looked filthy and muddy from recent rains, as we walked its steep, crooked, narrow streets. Our first welcome, after passing the Custom House, was from a group of Americans from the United States, who stood round the door of the wretched house that served for the Joppa Hotel. Their story was sad enough in all truth, and little fitted to raise our spirits on first setting foot on this sacred soil. These men, in European dress, one in a broad-brimmed hat and Yankee outfit, are the remains of what a few weeks ago was a Baptist Mission from New England to the Arab felaheen (farmers) settled in the neighbourhood of Joppa. The missionaries, who seemed to be practical, working-men, of little scholarship but of great zeal, rented a farm near Joppa, where they intended to teach the people farming and the Christian religion. One night their premises were surrounded by men in disguise, their goods were taken, their property destroyed, their women outraged, and some of the people killed. It was a harrowing story, the half of which has never yet been in print, told with the

calmness of people that have in their spirits some unutterable sorrow, of men who had in the depths seen what was impossible for them to utter. One man, a German mechanic, whose wife fell a victim on that terrible night, we met afterwards in Jerusalem, where he had gone to earn a living by acting as a guide to travellers. There was an attempt, we understood, on the part of the Government, to bring the offenders to justice, but it failed, for at that time the air was full of those mysterious threatenings and curses against Christians, (the echoes of the uprising of Mahometanism in India) which burst, the next year, 1860, in a furious storm on Syria and Damascus, and in which perished (one of 30,000 Christians) the Rev. Mr. Graham of Damascus.

There are few spots, even in Palestine, that have had such an eventful history as the rock on which Joppa stands. Since Joshua gave it to Dan, it has been in many hands and has seen strange sights. Times almost without number, it has been besieged, taken, destroyed, rebuilt, and now, once more, in virtue chiefly of its being the port of Jerusalem and its fruit-trade, it is slowly raising its head from the dust. But of all the events that ever took place here, from the time Vespasian swept the city into the sea as a nest of pirates till Napoleon massacred his 4,000 prisoners under its walls, no event exceeds in interest and importance the vision of Peter, by which the wall of separation between Jew and Gentile was broken down. The walls and gates the Crusaders built are there, but what are they in comparison of the vision that taught Peter to say,—“Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that heareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him,” which constitute the true Magna Charta of the world's freedom. The spot, as well as the time and the man, were fitly chosen, and let Joppa, therefore, be always in our thoughts

associated with the grandest proclamation that herald ever emitted on earth, next to the proclamation emitted on the plains of Bethlehem.

But Joppa and its history are soon forgotten, as we emerge on the plain among its famed groves of orange, lemon, apricot, pomegranate, fig, olive and mulberry. "Man made the city; God made the country." God's workmanship are these trees laden with golden fruit, and filling the evening air with their fragrance. But here, however, as in higher things, man is a fellow-worker with God. These gardens and groves are fed by water, without which, there is only death and desolation in this climate, and that water from the lull country to the east, percolating several feet beneath the surface, is raised by water-wheels, and sent through this Eden on its life-giving errand. There are over 200 gardens that have one well each, wrought by 3 animals for 6 months in the year, and 100 gardens having two wells each. In such a soil, with such a climate, and such an abundant supply of water, the yield of fruit, especially oranges, is enormous, and they sell at something like 10 for 3 cents. As the grapes of Eschol showed what ancient Palestine was, so these oranges, some of them ten inches in circumference, show what the country under good government and industry might become.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOW COUNTRY.

Towards evening, an hour before sunset, after a ride of about three hours, our party arrived under the walls of the Latin convent at Ramleh. After a loud knock at the door, a Franciscan Monk looked down from the wall, in the style of the story-books, and asked a few questions of our dragoman in Italian. In a trice the bolts of the gate flew back, and we stepped into the inner court, our first experience of the monasteries of the Holy Land. These religious houses, scattered over the land

from Sinai to Hermon, and from Hermon to the sea, strongly built of stone, fenced with high walls and iron doors, spacious and clean, are open day and night, free of charge, to the poor pilgrim and to the wealthy tourist on the same condition, only the latter class, always on leaving, hands to the brethren a sum equivalent to the usual hotel charges, which is received as a donation by the monks. The Romish Church, in the sense in which that expression is understood in our day, is no more entitled to the credit of these institutions than it is entitled to the credit of "Imitation of Jesus," and of Pascal and his writings. Within the Church of Rome, there was, since its first origin, an evangelistic or low church party, which, however, went out to a large degree at the Reformation, and these houses of entertainment for poor pilgrims, their gift, are rivulets that issued from the main stream before it became hopelessly foul. Within their hospitable walls, rich and poor, Latin and Greek, Protestant and Papist, are equally welcome, as has been said, and to all countries in the world travellers carry grateful recollections of the kindness of the monks, and the sweet repose of a day or two within convent walls after the discomfort of the tent. This is, however, about all that can be said in favour of these rich and powerful institutions. In the way of teaching the young, preaching the gospel to the native population, in the way of being lights to these dark districts, salt to save from putrescence the Mahomedanism around, in this mission the convents have miserably failed. Standing one Sabbath evening in the door of the Latin Convent at Bethlehem, a festive procession with torches, mirth and uproarious laughter, passing right by the door, I asked a monk that stood beside me, and who seemed to like the fun, if they did not teach the people a better way of keeping the Sabbath; to which he replied with the oriental shrug and an

exclamation which meant, "No! that fun is all right." Protestant Missionaries from their missions in Beyrout (3), Jerusalem (3), Aintab, Tyre, Sidon, Jaffa, Nazareth, Shechem, Bethlehem, Damascus, by their printing press at Beyrout, which issued and sold 9,000,000 pages of the Holy Scriptures last year, by their schools in operation in every large village from Lebanon to Hebron, have done more since the beginning of this century to Christianize Palestine and Syria than all the monasteries have done in that direction since the time of the Crusades.

While supper is getting ready, two of us set out for a lofty tower that rises to a height of 100 feet, on a high ridge near Ramleh. I am not going to detain the reader by a description of the ruins that lie around, of the great vaults, cisterns they must have been, with which the ground is here honey-combed, nor to enter into a disquisition as to the builders of the tower, and their purposes. An object of more interest and more importance is to hasten to the top to get therefrom a view of the country before the sun sinks into the blue sea. It is a view, once seen, never to be forgotten. The mountainous centre of Palestine, its heart where lay Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethel, Shiloh, Samaria, Shechem, and where were enacted the chief events of Old Testament history, is bordered on three sides by great plains (Sharon, Jezreel, Jordan,) forming a soft frame-work round the dry, hard, difficult heart. From the top of this tower we looked out over one of these plains, the great western plain, called Sharon in its northern section, and Philistia in its southern section. In the pure air of a country lying south of summer rains, and in the mild evening light, we could see this maritime plain stretching out from the foot of the Judean hills on the east to the blue waters of the great sea on the west, and from the ridge of Carmel, to the north where the plain diminishes

to a narrow ribbon, to the desert away far south where the plain, widened to 40 or 50 miles, is lost in sand and solitude. Standing here, studying the illuminated map that lay spread out before us, we could at a glance understand the richness of the country. It is Dr. Robinson, I think, that compares the view from the top of this to a view he once had from the cupola of the Cathedral of Milan, over the vast plains of Lombardy. The grandeur of the Alps is wanting here, the perfection of Lombard cultivation, and the density of population; but judging from the immense tracts covered with grain, from the groves of fruit trees clustering round each little town, from the Bedouin tents and the herds of cattle spangled over its wide undulations, from the numerous villages which, illumined by the setting sun, shine like white villas on the hill-side, this plain must have been a "little Egypt" in the prosperous days of old, and when there was scarcity in the rocky uplands there was plenty here, for when pressed by famine we read that the "Shunamite went with her household and sojourned in the land of the Philistines seven years" (2 Kings, viii. 2). This plain alone, with a soil that is still rich with annual deposits from the hills, and still fruitful after forty centuries of cultivation, would if properly tilled be yet "as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar."

From the top of that tower one could understand the security of Jerusalem, and the heart of the Jewish nation. It seems that it was by the advice of the Duke of Wellington Ottawa was chosen as the capital of the Dominion, because it lay safe in the heart of the land from surprise and attack. On the same principle, David chose as the site of his Capital, a spot that was well-nigh inaccessible to a large army. That plain lying at our feet was for centuries the only road by which the two great hostile powers of the ancient world, Assyria and Egypt, could approach each other,

the high-way between Pelusium and Carchemish, and we can fancy the armies of the rival despots passing and repassing here in the low lands while they cast longing looks toward the wealth of Jerusalem, but were sternly forbidden by the mountain barrier that guarded their eastern flank from touching it. After Napoleon had subdued the low country from El-Arish to Acre, some one asked him if he intended to take Jerusalem. "As for that," he replied, "no! Jerusalem does not lie within my line of operations; I do not wish to have trouble with the mountaineers in their difficult passes." We can now understand what the Psalmist means when he says:—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever." Psalm cxxv. 2. It was probably not nearer Jerusalem than this low country this scene took place: "For lo! the kings were assembled, they passed by together, they saw it and so they marvelled, they were troubled and hasted away." Psalm xlvi. 4-5.

Had the Jews returned the favor of God and had they agreed among themselves, they could in their lofty fastness, in the "mountain exalted above the hills," (Is. ii. 2) have stood to this day unhurt amid the wreck of empires. No foreign foe could have quelled a nation so defended till from itself it fell.

Having lingered on the tower till the plain began to fade from our view, and till the last rays of the setting sun began to play round the summit of the mountain peaks, we descended, and arrived at the convent as the monks were lighting up the refectory for the evening meal. Round their hospitable table there met five ladies, five American gentlemen, (one of them an Astor, from New York), a Welshman, and a Scotchman, all having their faces towards Jerusalem. After pleasant social chat, we retire, two and two, to little cells, very clean, but bare of furniture save one bed, and there, in spite of mosquitoes, we contrive to sleep till the convent bell, calling the monks to prayer, wakens us about midnight.

Christian Miscellany.

LOST NEAR HOME.

"Good night! it's time for me to be going," said Farmer Thompson to his friend, as he buttoned his coat in the passage, one night late in the autumn; "come over early in the morning, and you can have a look at the horse then; but mind you come early, for I shall be off in good time."

Farmer Scott unfastened the house-door, and looked out. "It's a desperate dark night," he said; "you'd better take the lantern, or you may miss your way across the fields, short bit as it is. I'll light it for you in a minute;" and he lifted up the lantern to do so.

"A lantern! no thank ye; I'd rather trust my own senses than any lantern ever made; they've never deceived me

yet, and I should think I've come that bit of way often enough to know every step; it's never so dark, once outside, as it looks from the door."

"I'd take it, if I was you," said Farmer Scott; "remember Job Smith last winter—how he lost his way, and wandered about till near morning."

"Job Smith was drunk, as likely as not," replied Thompson, "and a fool besides. Good night, neighbour," and he disappeared in the darkness.

"Well, he ought to know his way," muttered the other to himself, as he shut the door and turned back into the house. "'Tisn't my fault, anyhow, if he does miss it."

The distance Farmer Thompson had to go was, as he had said, a short one,

and one that he very often went over. But it was a black, dark night; you could not see a bush or a gate, yet by keeping in the path he got through the first field. But in the next field the path was not so well trodden, and after a few steps he missed it. He went cautiously on, feeling with his feet, hoping to find it; and then he turned to get back to the gate and start fresh. In vain. At last his feet found a track; bewildered with turning, he supposed it to be the right one, and followed it till he was startled by the ground becoming moist and spongy. He put out his stick to feel around and in front.—It slipped from his grasp; and losing his balance he fell forwards, and in an instant was struggling in deep, ice-cold water. He had taken the cattle-track to the river, which ran along one side of the field. The river rushed on. He shrieked aloud for help, but there was none to hear. He fought wildly with the stream, but each fresh struggle plunged him deeper in the water. There were only the two farm-houses at hand, and the inhabitants within knew not his peril, each family supposing him to be with the other. Nor, as night advanced, did his non-appearance create alarm; he had often stayed in town all night, in his married daughter's, on market days. It was not till Farmer Scott arrived in the morning, according to appointment, that he was known to be missing. Then there was a hue and cry; all hands turned out to seek him, but in vain; and it was only when the river had been dragged that his body was found.

"Poor fellow!" said the clergyman to himself, as he walked home after seeing the distracted family, and hearing the history from Farmer Scott. "It was only last Sunday he told me he would sooner trust his own sense to get on in this world and the next, than anything he heard at church. Pray God he may have had some different thoughts before his sudden and terrible end."

In the course of the week Farmer

Thompson was buried. The people round flocked to the funeral; and the remark I heard oftenest was, "It was so sad he should be lost so near home—quite close to his own door as you may say—and all because he would not take the lantern!" The words impressed me greatly. They rang in my ears for days—"Lost so near home!"—but ah! not the less surely lost. It mattered not to him that the river which swept him away ran through his own fields, and close to his own house; he was drowned as certainly as if he had been in the midst of the ocean.

Dear friends, will it make any difference to us if our souls are lost for eternity, that it has been after a life spent near Him who could have saved us; spent in being told how to be saved, and in knowing about it; will it be better than if we had been beathen to whom the words of God and Heaven were unknown?

Ah! there will be a difference. In the few moments of consciousness that unhappy man had while struggling in the water, one of his bitterest thoughts must have been that if he had taken the lantern, according to his friend's advice, he would have been safe. And will it not add to our misery to think that if we had listened to the words of love, if we had taken God's Word to be a "lamp to our feet and a light to our path," our life would never have ended in outer darkness?

THE CRY FOR HELP.

"My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

"One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy groceries and dry

goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store-doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to 'buy a big one.' Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it up under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up.

"It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll. I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town; and settled down, dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well; although, when the storm that had been brewing broke and pelted the rain in torrents, I was almost five miles, or may be six, from home. I rode on as fast as I could.

"But all of a sudden I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away.

"But once more I heard that cry; and said I, 'If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die.' I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

"It had slept there over an hour, when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart, five minutes, before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amidst them, weeping. When she saw me, she hid her face.

"'Oh, don't tell him,' she said; 'it will kill him!'

"'What is it, neighbours?' I cried.

"And one said, 'Nothing now, I hope; what's that in your arms?'

"'A poor lost child,' said I. 'I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint;' and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly!

"It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet 'daddy' and doll, while her mother was at work; and Dolly they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees, before them all.

"It is not much of a story; but I think of it often in the night, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

HALF OF THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the solicitor.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend.

"How much are you worth?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Give me then your cheque for say ten thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave, for she, you know, gave her *all*."

The rich man was baffled. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and under the cover of her contributions give meanly to the Redeemer's cause. Her example, indeed, rightly interpreted, would pluck selfishness out of the soul, and fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

ON WHICH SIDE OF THE LINE?

In a village near the sea-coast in the south of England there lived an old

man, by trade a shoemaker. I often looked in upon him, as he sat in his stall making or mending shoes, and had many interesting conversations respecting the state of his soul, but generally came away disheartened and sad, for he was built up in self-righteousness.

One day, after a long conversation with him, I perceived that all I said was of no use, and pausing for a moment, lifted up my heart in prayer to God that He would help me to set forth the truth so as to strike upon the conscience of this poor perishing sinner.

With my cane I then drew a line on the sand of the cottage floor, and said to him, "Do you see that line?" He had watched my action, wondering what I was about, and replied, "Yes, sir." "Well then, mark me," said I.

"On this side of the line is

DEATH,
LOST,
HELL,
DARKNESS,
DAMNATION,

LIFE,
SAVED,
HEAVEN,
LIGHT,
SALVATION,
HAPPINESS.

Children's Treasury.

THE CEASELESS WEAVER.

There is a stern and ancient man,
Who worketh at the loom,
Weaving the mantle for the bride
And raiment for the tomb.

From summer time to summer time,
His shuttle flitth ever;
And if you bid him rest awhile,
He answers, "Never! never."

Yet watch him, that his mystic work
Be done as it should be,
For he is weaving every day
A robe for thee and me.

He throws the shuttle to and fro;
The pattern we must give,
Co-workers with the stern old man,
Until we cease to live.

Not till Eternity begins
Will rest his shuttle's chime.
Our actions are the woof and warp.
The weaver is "Old Time."

NELLIE'S DREAM.

I had the sweetest dream, dear mother,
As I lay on my little bed;—
I thought I saw my angel brother,
With a crown upon his head.

He wore a robe of purest white,
And his eyes were full of love;
And, oh, he looked as wondrous bright
As the stars that shine above!

He said: "I watch you, Nellie dear,
From my home in yonder skies;

And I've come your little heart to cheer,
And to wipe your tearful eyes.

"I see you in your merry play,
Or when at mother's side
You kneel at eve and sweetly pray
That God your steps would guide.

"Then weep no more at my little grave,
Where flowers bloom so fair;
I dwell where sweeter blossoms wave,
In a pure celestial air."

And then, dear mother, his wings he spread,
Of shining silvery hue,
And far away he quickly sped,
And soon was lost to view.

I called him loud, and then awoke,
So truthful did it seem;
I know, dear mother, Willie spoke,
Although it was a dream.

THE LESSON OF PATIENCE.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—JAMES I. 4.

We ought to learn this lesson because
of

THE GOOD THAT PATIENCE DOES.

When a ship is going to sea, you know what a good thing it is for her to be properly ballasted. If she has no ballast, she will be very unsteady, and when the sea gets rough, and the wind blows strong, she will be pretty sure to be upset, and everything on board will either be lost or damaged. But patience is to the soul just what ballast is to the ship. It steadies it, and enables it to meet the storm and billows in its way without being injured by them.

This shows us what good patience does.

You remember when the Israelites were beginning their journey through the wilderness, they came to a well of water at a place called Marah. They were very thirsty, and wanted water very much. But when they tasted the water in that well, it was so bitter that they could not drink it. Then God showed Moses a tree which he was to put into the water, and which made it sweet. How much good that tree did! And yet it was just like patience. This has the power to sweeten the bitter

waters of life, so that it becomes pleasant for us to drink them.

This shows how much good patience does.

PATIENCE, THE GREAT REMEDY.

Some one has tried to show the good that is done by patience in this way. He says there was a meeting called once of all the chief men in a certain country, to try and find out what was the best way of making things better in the world. It was a great meeting. Kings and princes, lawyers and doctors, and philosophers and soldiers, and men of all kinds, were there. They had a great time in consulting together. They talked, and argued, and planned; and it was curious to see how many different ways were recommended to try and remove the many troubles that they met with. One man thought the best way was to laugh at everything that happened. Another thought it would be better to cry over everything; while a third thought it was best neither to laugh or cry, or to care much about it at all. The fourth had a different plan from the other three; and the fifth had a plan which he thought was better than all the four put together. Then they got into a state of great excitement and confusion. The longer they talked, the worse things became. At last a venerable, gray-haired man, well known for his piety, arose. He said he had an herb of wonderful power, of which he wished them all to take a little. They took it, and ate of it. Presently they all became calm and quiet. "My friends," said he, "this herb is called patience. It has a wonderful power over those who use it. You see what an effect it has had here! Now take my advice. Use this herb every day. It won't save you from the troubles that are in the world, but it will help you to meet them in such a way that they will all do you good. This is the best way of trying to make things better in the world."

This is only a sort of fable; but it shows us the good that patience does.

We have just had an illustration from an assembly of great men about the use of patience, now let us take another from an assembly of animals.

A LESSON FROM THE BARN-YARD.

"I learned a great lesson once," said a Christian lady, "in a barn-yard. It was a cold, frosty morning. I was looking out of a window into the barn-yard, where a great many cows, oxen, and horses were waiting to be watered. For a while they all stood very quiet and still. Presently, one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour. In a moment this cow kicked and hit *her* neighbour. She passed on the kick and the hit to the next. And directly the whole herd were kicking and hitting each other with great fury. I laughed to myself, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit!'"

And just so, we often see one cross word set a whole family of children to quarrelling. And if we feel impatient or cross when we are spoken to, let us remember how the fight began in the barn-yard. A little patience will save us from a great deal of trouble.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"O George Hays, just look here!" said little Madgie. "The old gray cat has jumped through this window, and broken cousin Alice's beautiful rose-geranium. Oh, isn't it too bad? How angry Alice will be!"

"My sister doesn't get angry at such things, Madgie," said George. "I never saw her angry but once in my life, and that was when some boys worried a poor little kitten almost to death."

"But this is so provoking, Georgy. Anybody would be angry."

"It is really too bad, but you see if Alice does not try to make the best of it—"

"Perhaps she may," said Madgie, "but I don't see how it can be done!"

Pretty soon Alice came into the room. Her sunny face was beaming with the bright spirit that reigned within. She was humming a sweet morning song, but she stopped suddenly before the broken geranium. "Ah, who has done this?" she cried.

"That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice," said Madgie; "I saw her myself."

"Poor puss, she didn't know what mischief she was doing. It was the very pet of all my flowers. But come, little cousin, don't look so long-faced about it; we must try and make the best of it."

"I don't see that there is any best about this, Alice," said Madgie.

"Oh yes, there is. It is not nearly as bad as it might be. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth new shoots. This large broken branch will be lovely to make bouquets of. Let us arrange a little one for mother's room. We will put this cluster of scarlet blossom in a wine-glass, and you may run out into the garden and gather a few snowdrops to put round it. There, now, was there ever anything so beautiful? Now we will set the wine-glass in this little saucer, and put some geranium leaves around the edge with a few snowdrops mingled among them. Mother will admire it; she loves flowers so much. Now, my little cousin, don't you think there is a bright side to this accident? I am not sure but that pussy did us a favour by giving us so much pleasure in an unexpected way."

"I think you have found the bright side, Alice; but I never could have done it. I almost wanted the old cat killed."

"There is a bright side to everything, my dear Madgie," said Alice, "if we only have patience to look for it, and ask God to help us. Always look for the bright side. It will save you from a great deal of trouble, and will be like the famous stone which so many have

sought for, that was to turn everything to gold."

Surely we ought to learn the lesson of patience, if it will help us to find the bright side in everything that happens to us.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A kind Christian Lady, in one of her visits of charity, found a poor, destitute little orphan girl, and brought her to her own house. The little stranger at first would take no comfort, but sat down weeping in the hall. The children of the house endeavoured to make friends with her and draw her into the parlour, but they could not; and so they said to their mother, "She will not come and play with us. She will not leave the hall."

"There is a secret, said the lady, "by which you can bring her where you like. It is a secret in four letters. Try if you can find it out."

The eldest sister taking the lead, searched eagerly among all her prettiest playthings. "I know what it is," she cried, "it is *D-o-l-l*." So she brought her best doll, and offered to give it to the child, if she would come into the parlour. No, it was a failure.

The next in age said to herself, "*M-u-f-f* is spelt with four letters;" and brought her a fine muff—a Christmas present; but she would not touch the muff; nor even look at it.

Grace, the youngest, could think of nothing worth offering after this, but stood looking on in sorrow, until at length, following an instinct of her own, she sat down beside the little stranger and cried too. Then presently she took her by the hand, and encircling her neck with her tiny arm, she drew the weeping one softly nearer and nearer, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her cheek. This decided the battle. There was nothing said, but Grace soon led the way into the parlour, holding her captive by the hand.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "Grace has found out the secret, and the four letters are *L-o-v-e*. Love is the strongest rope in the world."

Ah! yes, love is a great power. It draws all things to itself. It drew the Son of God down to earth to die for us, and led Him back to heaven to intercede for us, and is able to draw Him down again, any day and every day, to dwell with us in our hearts. It will draw down blessings on our labours. It will draw down answers to all our prayers.

A CHILD-LIKE FAITH.

One afternoon, through the absence of their mother, two little children, Willie and Edie, aged respectively seven and five years, were left alone. She was necessarily detained from her home until after dark, and the children vainly watched for her coming, until they could no longer distinguish one object from another in the fast gathering darkness. Their only light being a dim one, proceeding from the stove, it was no wonder that an undefined fear came creeping into their little hearts; but Willie, being the elder, put on a brave "outside" for a while, answering cheerfully to Edie's question, "Arn't you afraid?"

"No, what do you suppose can hurt me here?"

But when Edie crouched down in affright, declaring, between her sobs, that she heard something, he unconsciously realized the need of a higher power than his own. Taking hold of her hand, he said—

"Please don't cry, Edie; let us pray. God can take care of us, even if there was a lion right in the room."

"Why, How could He?"

"God can do anything, Edie. Don't you remember how mamma told us about Daniel—how he was put right in amongst lots of lions, and God came and

shut their mouths, so they couldn't bite at all?"

"Couldn't they growl, either?"

"Well, I don't know for sure about that; but I know God could make them stop growling if He wanted to, for I can tell you God can do anything."

"Well, Willie, if he can do anything, I wish he would make mamma come home."

"May be He will if we ask Him to."

Clasping her little hands together, Edie said, "Oh, God, please make mamma come home, and make it light so we can see."

"Why, Edie, that isn't the way to pray; we must kneel down, and try to think what a big God He is, and how He knows all about whether we have been good or not."

"Then let's kneel down, and you pray."

They knelt down, and Willie repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then said, "Please God, we know we have been very naughty lots of times, but we want you to help us to be good. Please take care of us, and make mamma come home quick, for we are all alone."

Edie then said her little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

They arose from their knees with a peace of mind they could not express, and, young as they were, they realized a perfect trust in the willingness and ability of God to care for them under any circumstances.

THE UNEXPECTED SWAP.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. B—— and his old white mare travelled round the country selling and giving away Bibles; selling to people who could pay, and giving them to those who had nothing to pay with.

One July day Mr. B—— was on his way to one of the poorest neighbourhoods in northern New Hampshire, when he looked up and saw a boy coming down the road.

"A ragged-looking fellow that," he

thought, "and most likely he cannot read, never was at school, and of course has no Bible, nor ever a penny towards paying for one."

But first impressions are not always correct. The man and the boy met. The man stopped his horse, and politely said, "Good day." "Good day, sir," answered the boy. A short talk took place. Mr. B—— found the boy had been to school and could read. "And have you a Testament?" asked the Bible man. The boy put his hand into his old trowsers' pocket, and drew out half of a worn, torn, dingy Testament. Mr. B—— was taken by glad surprise; for it was about the last thing he was looking for.

"I read it every day, and prize it very much," said the boy.

"Would you not like to swap it for a new one?" asked the Bible-man.

"I should like a whole new one above all things," said the boy; "but yours is worth most, and I have no money to pay the boot." The gentleman gladly gave him one; indeed, he gave him two, one for school, and one to carry in his pocket for daily use. Never was a boy more surprised and grateful.

"That boy is beginning life right," said the Bible-man as he rode away, thanking God for the pleasant meeting.

Eighteen years after, he happened to pass again that way; and having occasion to speak in the Sabbath-school, he told the story, and asked what had become of the lad.

The answer was just what would be expected; for "the boy is father of the man." A thoughtful, earnest, noble boy, generally becomes a thoughtful, earnest, noble man. What the boy had been among the woods of New Hampshire, he was as a young man in the mills of Massachusetts, and as an older man on the prairie of a western state. He was a man honoured and influential wherever he went; and the world was better for his living in it.—*American Child's Paper.*

Notes.

THE CANADIAN BRANCH OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

BY DR. WILKES, MONTREAL.

Delegates from different parts of the Dominion, to the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, on conferring together in that city, came to the conclusion that it was desirable to have the various branches of the Evangelical Alliance in British America constituted into one organization, to be called the Canadian Branch of the Evangelical Alliance. At an adjourned meeting, held in Halifax, the following resolutions were adopted:—

I.—That this meeting recommend that the various Branches of the Evangelical Alliance, organized in the Dominion, be constituted into one organization, to be called "The Canadian Branch of the Evangelical Alliance."

II.—That the head office of the Canadian Branch be in Montreal, and that the office-bearers be selected so as to secure a general representation of the Dominion.

III.—That the Officers of the existing Montreal Branch be requested to act as the provisional officers and Executive of the Canadian Branch till the first General Meeting; with the Presidents of all other existing branches in the Dominion as Vice-Presidents, their Secretaries as Corresponding Members, and a member to be nominated by each branch as a member of the Central Committee.

IV.—That the first General Meeting of the Canadian Branch be held in Montreal on some day in October, 1874, said day to be fixed and the necessary arrangements made by the Provisional Executive.

V.—That the branches shall be requested to contribute in proportion to the number of their members towards general expenses.

VI.—That the Secretary of this

meeting transmit a copy of the above Resolutions to all existing Branches in Canada for their endorsement, and request the Provisional Executive to take steps to organize new branches.

From these resolutions it will be seen that the existing Montreal Branch is requested to act as the provisional officers and executive of the Canadian Branch till the first general meeting in Oct., 1874. This task has been accepted by the Montreal Brethren. It now remains for existing associations to put themselves in communication with the Rev. J. W. Gibson, M. A., Sec. of said Branch, and for the Christian people in places where nothing has yet been done on this behalf to arise and organize. Surely the active pretensions of Popery on the one hand, and of Infidelity on the other, should combine God's people in united and steady maintenance of the truth. It would be of great value to secure an annual representative gathering, at which such themes should be discussed as those which occupied the attention of the Conference in New York. But in order to this, there must be numerous local centres of influence and action throughout the Dominion. The resolutions explain how they are to connect themselves with, and to influence the construction and working of the central body. If one or two persons in each place would lay hold of the matter it would soon be accomplished. There must be no waiting for pressure from outside, inasmuch as no visiting agent will be appointed—there are no funds to sustain one.

A fair measure of spontaneous and hearty co-operation would secure the holding of the first Canadian Conference next October. Who can foretell what might prove the extent and value of the influence for good which such an assembly would exercise on the religious and social welfare of our rising country?